

A Fawcett Publication

SEPTEMBER

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

10¢
NO. 44

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BLAZE THE SKY TRAILS OF ADVENTURE
WITH CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

A Fawcett Publication



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CAPT. ALBRIGHT IS KNOWN TO MANY
AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT INVENTORS
BUT ONLY A TRUSTED FEW KNOW THAT
IT IS HE, DONNING THE BLAZING UNIFORM
THAT SPELLS TERROR TO EVIL FORCES
WHO BECOMES THAT IRON-FISTED
FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM—CAPT. MIDNIGHT!

FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT "RETURN of the SHARK"

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT "THE KID WHO WANTED A CRACK
AT THE JAPS."

SGT. TWILIGHT "COOKS A MESS OF TROUBLE."

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT "INVENTION DUEL TO DEATH."

PLUS: JOHNNY BLAIR — PILOT PETE —
INVENTIONS — RED SKYE short story!

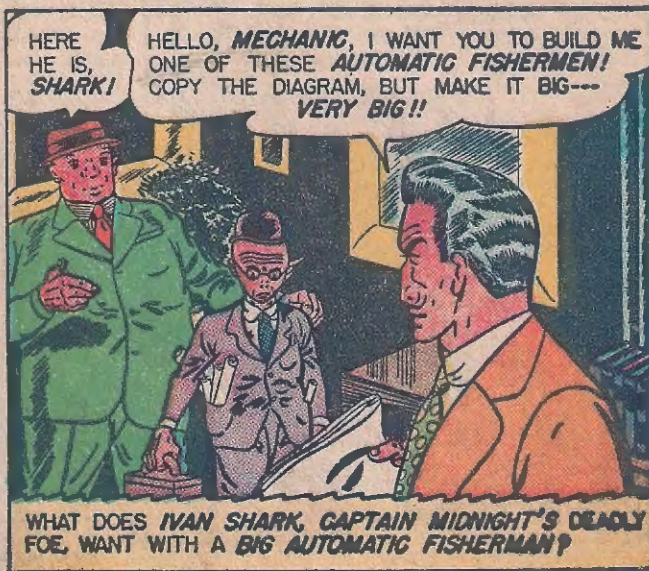
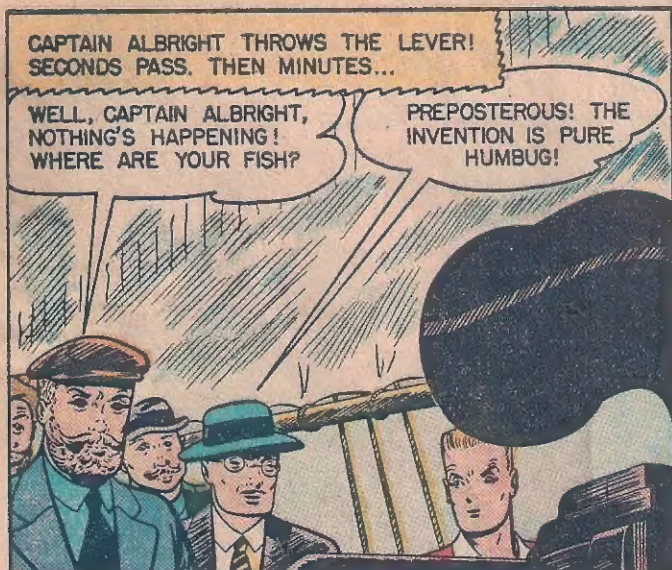
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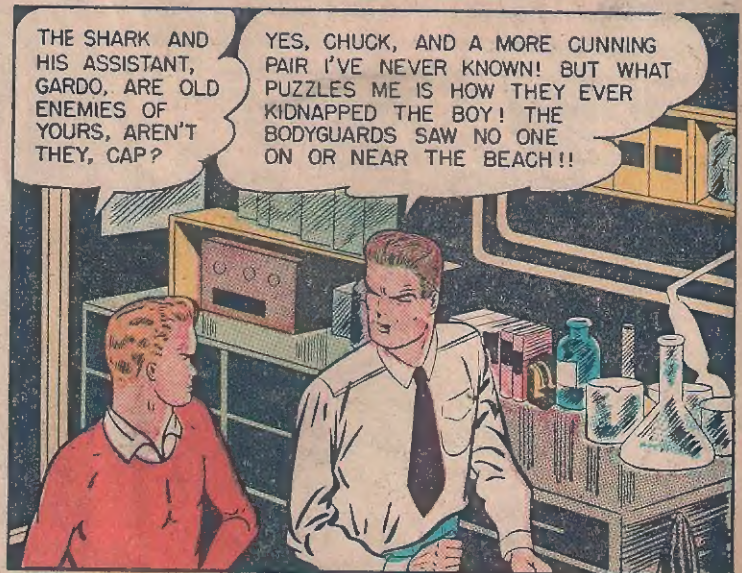
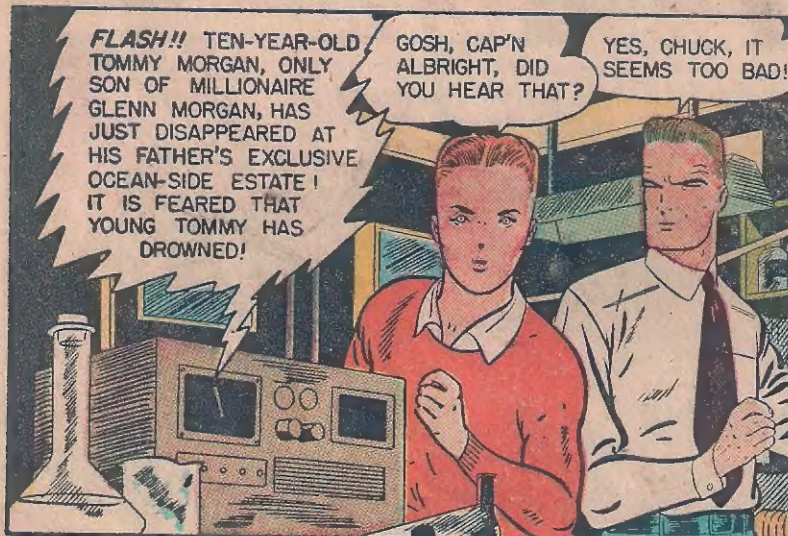
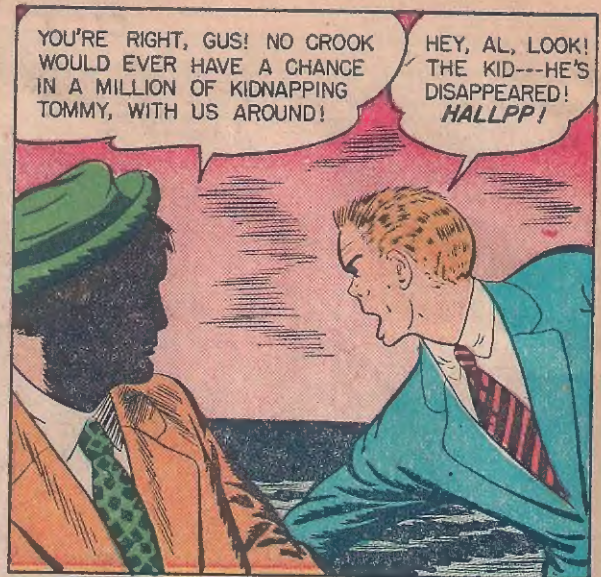
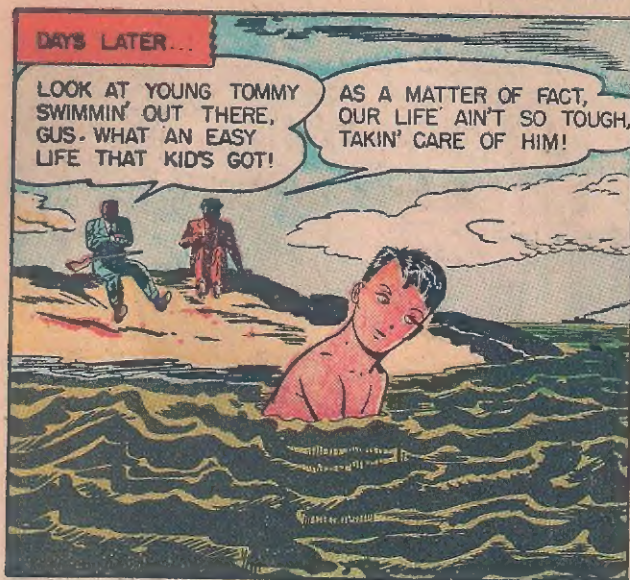
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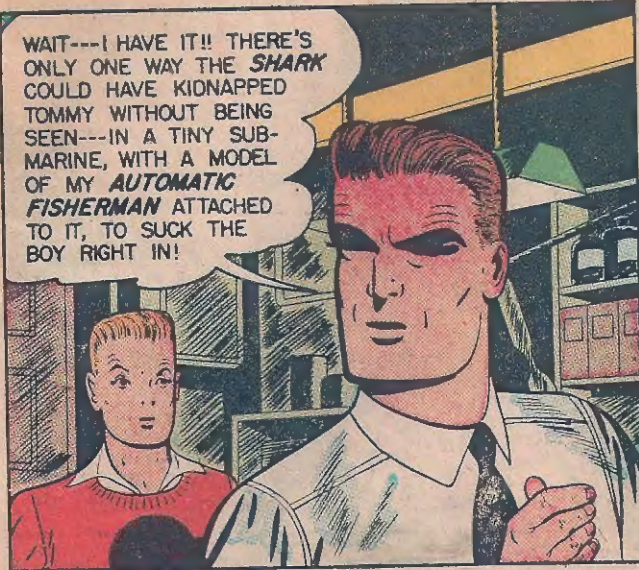
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

WAIT---I HAVE IT!! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY THE **SHARK** COULD HAVE KIDNAPPED TOMMY WITHOUT BEING SEEN---IN A TINY SUB-MARINE, WITH A MODEL OF MY **AUTOMATIC FISHERMAN** ATTACHED TO IT, TO SUCK THE BOY RIGHT IN!



AND THAT MAKES IT **MY** RESPONSIBILITY! CHUCK, HELP ME GET THE **SUBPLANE** READY!

RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!

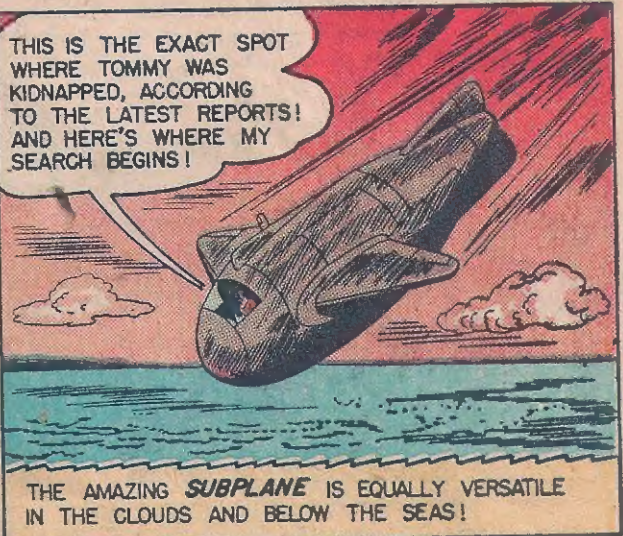


SOON, AS THE **SUBPLANE** HURTTLES THROUGH THE SKIES, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE!

THE PLANE FOR THE JOB IS THE **SUBPLANE**, AND THE MAN FOR THE JOB IS---**CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**!

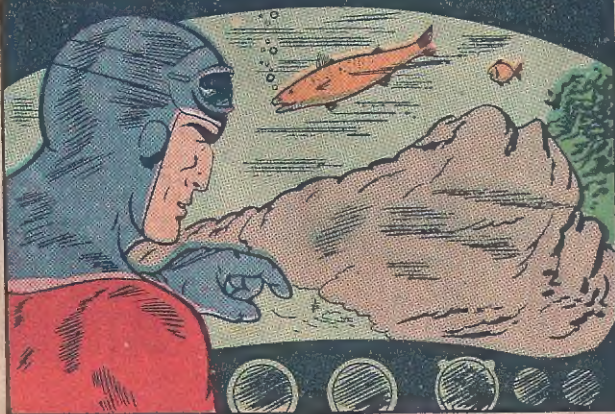


THIS IS THE EXACT SPOT WHERE TOMMY WAS KIDNAPPED, ACCORDING TO THE LATEST REPORTS! AND HERE'S WHERE MY SEARCH BEGINS!

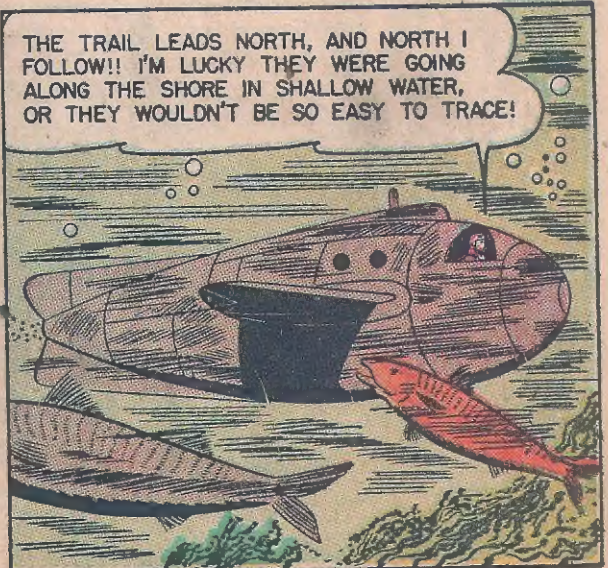


THE AMAZING **SUBPLANE** IS EQUALLY VERSATILE IN THE CLOUDS AND BELOW THE SEAS!

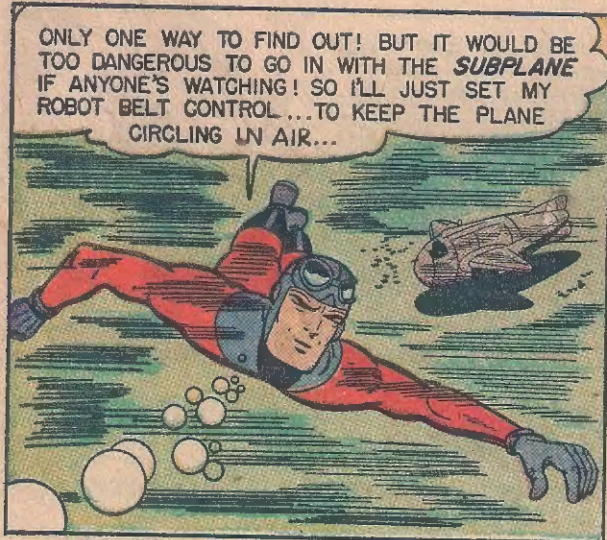
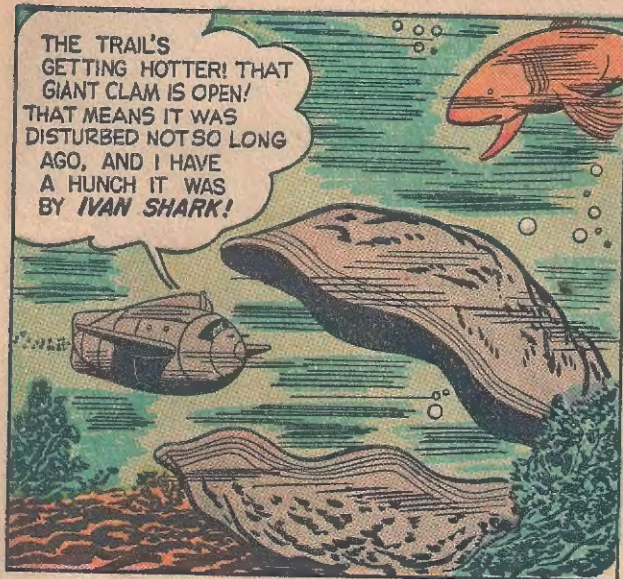
JUST AS I THOUGHT---THERE'S A METALLIC GLEAM ON THAT ROCK WHERE THE SUB MUST HAVE BRUSHED AGAINST IT! AND FARTHER ALONG, THE MOSS AND SEAWEED HAVE BEEN DISTURBED!



THE TRAIL LEADS NORTH, AND NORTH I FOLLOW!! I'M LUCKY THEY WERE GOING ALONG THE SHORE IN SHALLOW WATER, OR THEY WOULDN'T BE SO EASY TO TRACE!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



WHAT IF I DON'T WRITE A NOTE TO MY DAD?

THEN, KID, I THINK THE **MECHANIC** WOULD HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU WRITE IT!!



THE RATS!! THREATENING TO TORTURE A HELPLESS YOUNGSTER! NOW'S MY CHANCE!

WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU, **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**!

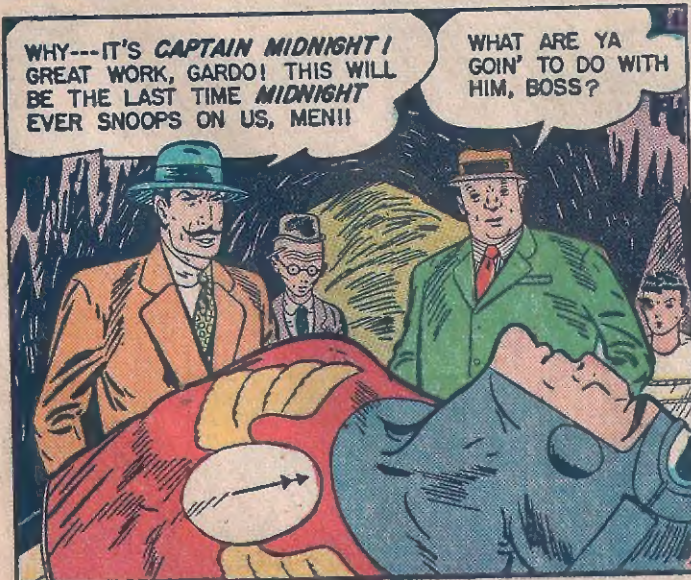


OH!!



BOSS, TAKE A LOOK AT THE SURPRISE I'VE GOT FOR YOU!

EH? WHAT'S THAT, GARDO?



WHY---IT'S **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT**! GREAT WORK, GARDO! THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME **MIDNIGHT** EVER SNOOPS ON US, MEN!!

WHAT ARE YA GOIN' TO DO WITH HIM, BOSS?



DO? WHY, I'LL JUST TRUSS HIM UP LIKE A TURKEY! AFTER A WHILE, WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN...

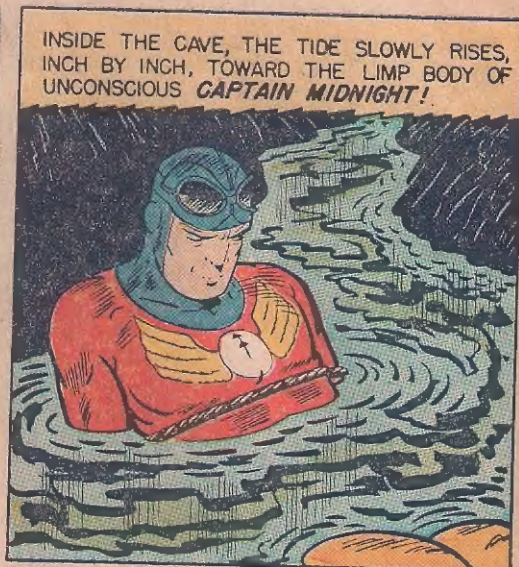
MIDNIGHT GOES OUT! THAT'S PERFECT, **SHARK**!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

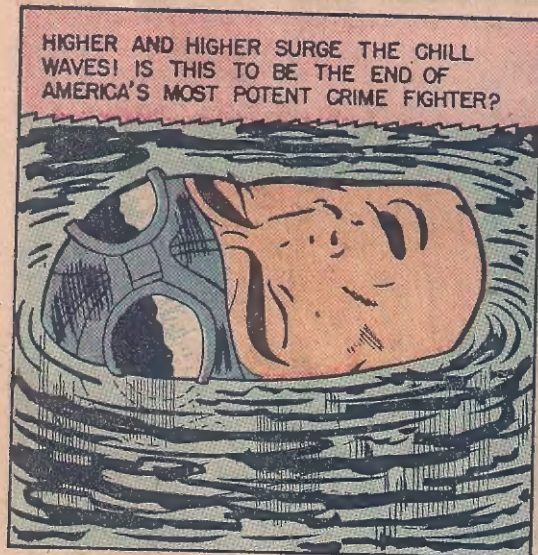


AN' MEANWHILE WE GET INTO OUR PRIVATE AMPHIBIAN PLANE AN' FLY AWAY! I SURE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, BOSS! YOU THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING!

THANK YOU, GARDIO! YES, I THINK IT'S BETTER THAT WE GET AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE, ER, ENCOUNTER!



INSIDE THE CAVE, THE TIDE SLOWLY RISES, INCH BY INCH, TOWARD THE LIMP BODY OF UNCONSCIOUS **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!**



HIGHER AND HIGHER SURGE THE CHILL WAVES! IS THIS TO BE THE END OF AMERICA'S MOST POTENT CRIME FIGHTER?



WAIT! AS THE SEA WATER LAPS AT HIS FACE, THERE IS A MOVEMENT---A SPARK OF LIFE!

OH! MY HEAD! WHAT TH---



SOMEONE MUST HAVE SLUGGED ME FROM BEHIND---PROBABLY GARDIO! AND THEN THEY TIED ME AND LEFT ME HERE TO DROWN! BUT THE HEEL KNIFE WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



IT DID! AND NOW TO CALL IN THE **SUBPLANE** WITH MY ROBOT CONTROL DEVICE! I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THE **SHARK** BEFORE ANYTHING WORSE HAPPENS TO TOMMY MORGAN!

AS
**CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT**
MAKES HIS
VALIANT
FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM,
THE **SHARK**
EXULTS
OVER HIS
VICTORY.

GREAT WORK, MEN!
THAT TAKES CARE OF
MIDNIGHT FOR GOOD!
NOW LET'S HEAD FOR
THE MIDWESTERN
HIDEOUT!

RIGHT
WITH YA,
BOSS!

GOOD OLD **SUBPLANE**! SAY--- TAKE A LOOK
AT THAT SUB! I WAS RIGHT; **IVAN SHARK**
COPIED MY **AUTOMATIC FISHERMAN** AND
USED IT IN THE KIDNAPPING!... I'D BETTER
GO ABOARD FOR A CLOSER LOOK...

I'LL JUST DISMANTLE THIS AUTOMATIC
FISHERMAN AND TAKE IT ALONG--- NOW FOR
A LOOK INSIDE THE SUB TO SEE IF THERE
ARE ANY CLUES AS TO WHERE THE
SHARK'S GONE!

GREAT GOODFREY!
THIS MAP I FOUND
IN THE SUB GIVES
THE LOCATION OF
ANOTHER OF THE
SHARK'S HANGOUTS,
IN THE MIDWEST!

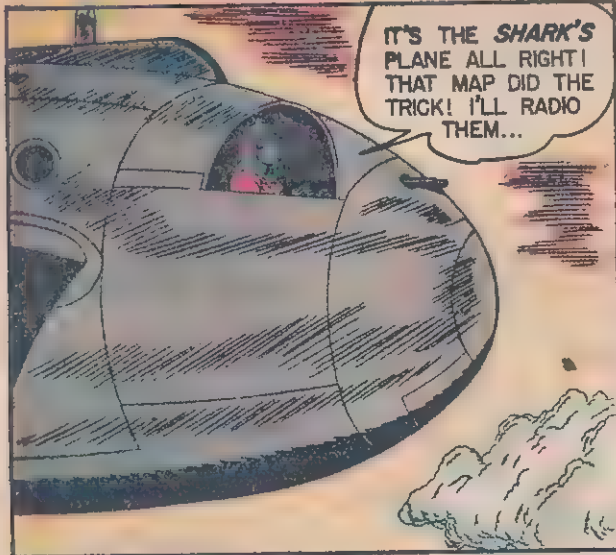
NO TIME TO LOSE!
I'VE GOT TO PRAY
THAT'S WHERE
THEY HEADED!

AND THIS TIME DAME FORTUNE SMILES ON
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! FOR, SOME HOURS LATER...

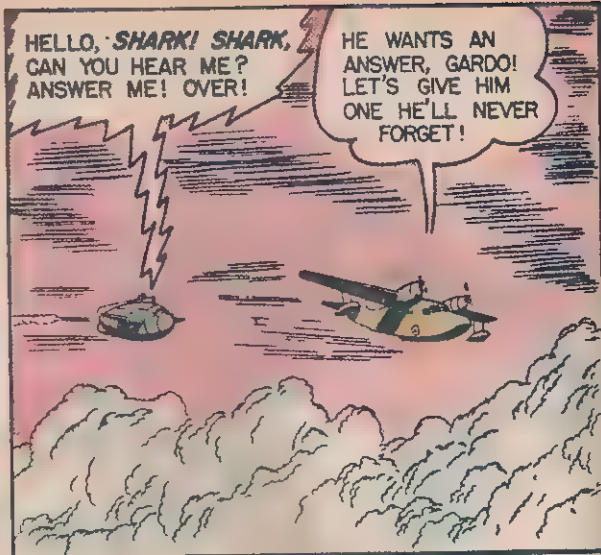
BOSS, LOOK BACK!
THERE'S A PLANE
TRAILING US!

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!
IT'S **MIDNIGHT'S SUBPLANE**!
HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED AND
TRAILED US SOMEHOW! FULL
SPEED AHEAD, **MECHANIC**!

I'M GIVING IT ALL.
SHE'S GOT, **SHARK**!
THAT **SUBPLANE**
IS FASTER THAN
GREASED LIGHTNING!



IT'S THE **SHARK'S** PLANE ALL RIGHT! THAT MAP DID THE TRICK! I'LL RADIO THEM...

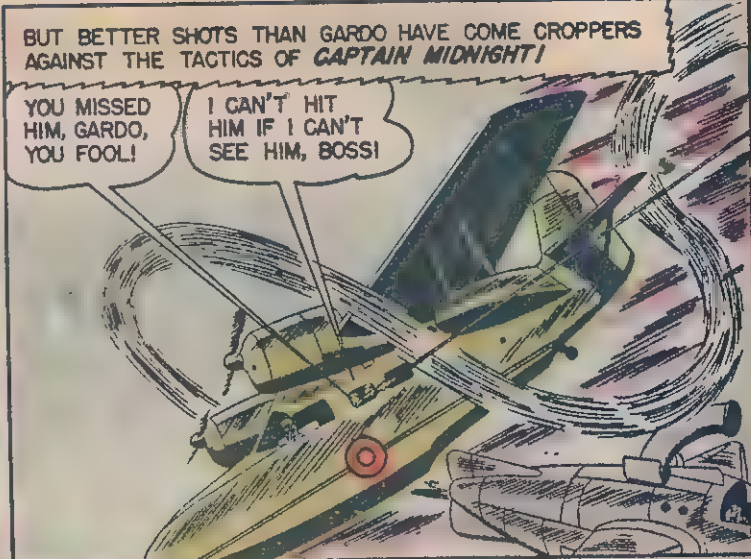


HELLO, **SHARK!** **SHARK,** CAN YOU HEAR ME? ANSWER ME! OVER!

HE WANTS AN ANSWER, GARDO! LET'S GIVE HIM ONE HE'LL NEVER FORGET!



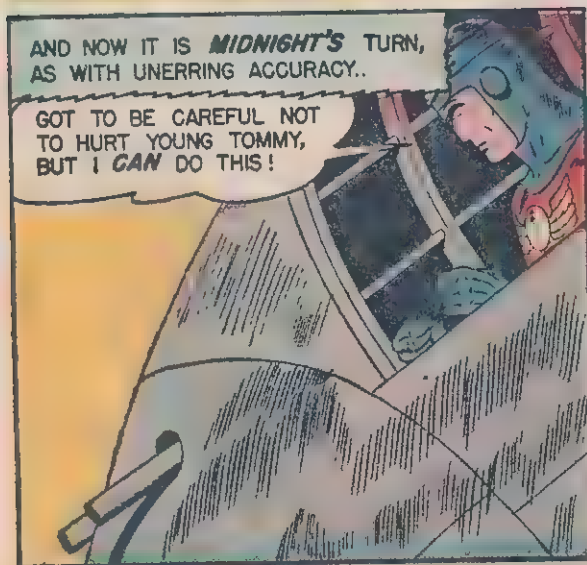
SHOOT, GARDO, SHOOT! BLAST HIM OUT OF THE SKIES!



BUT BETTER SHOTS THAN GARDO HAVE COME CROPPERS AGAINST THE TACTICS OF **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!**

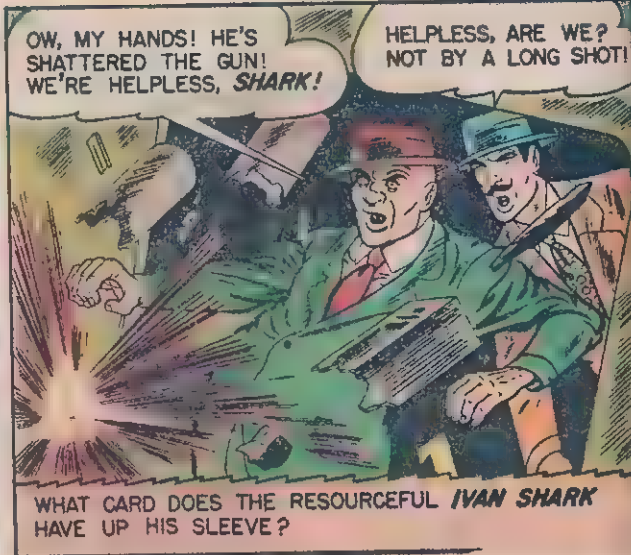
YOU MISSED HIM, GARDO, YOU FOOL!

I CAN'T HIT HIM IF I CAN'T SEE HIM, BOSS!



AND NOW IT IS **MIDNIGHT'S** TURN, AS WITH UNERRING ACCURACY..

GOT TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO HURT YOUNG TOMMY, BUT I **CAN** DO THIS!



OW, MY HANDS! HE'S SHATTERED THE GUN! WE'RE HELPLESS, **SHARK!**

HELPLESS, ARE WE? NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

WHAT CARD DOES THE RESOURCEFUL **IVAN SHARK** HAVE UP HIS SLEEVE?

THE **SHARK** UNVEILS
HIS BRUTAL PLAN!

GARDO, **MECHANIC**! TAKE
OFF THE KID'S SAFETY
BELT AND MAKE SURE
YOUR OWN IS TIGHT!
THEN SLIDE BACK THE
COWLING ON TOP OF
THE PLANE! **HURRY!**



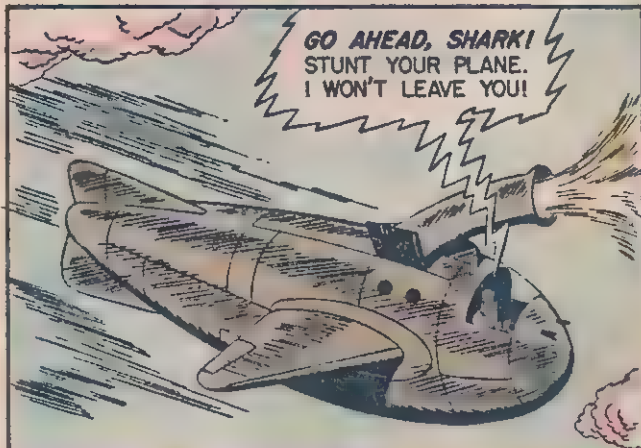
MIDNIGHT, GET THIS! I'VE TAKEN OFF
TOMMY'S SAFETY BELT! UNLESS YOU STOP
FOLLOWING US, WE'LL STUNT THE KID
RIGHT OUT OF THE PLANE! IT'S A
LONG DROP WITHOUT A PARACHUTE,
CAPTAIN **MIDNIGHT**! REMEMBER, WE'RE
BELTED IN, BUT THE KID AIN'T!



WHAT CAN I DO? **SHARK**
WON'T HESITATE TO DROP
TOMMY OUT! I CAN'T
AFFORD TO RISK THE
BOY'S LIFE! UNLESS...



GO AHEAD, **SHARK**!
STUNT YOUR PLANE.
I WON'T LEAVE YOU!

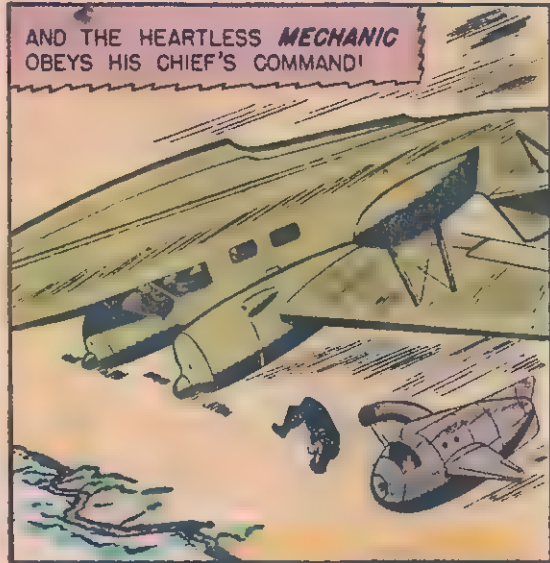


AS A HATCH ON THE SUBPLANE OPENS, THE INTAKE
FUNNEL OF THE AUTOMATIC FISHERMAN EMERGES!



YOU HEARD HIM,
MECHANIC! TURN
'ER UPSIDE DOWN!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS,
KID!

AND THE HEARTLESS **MECHANIC**
OBEYS HIS CHIEF'S COMMAND!



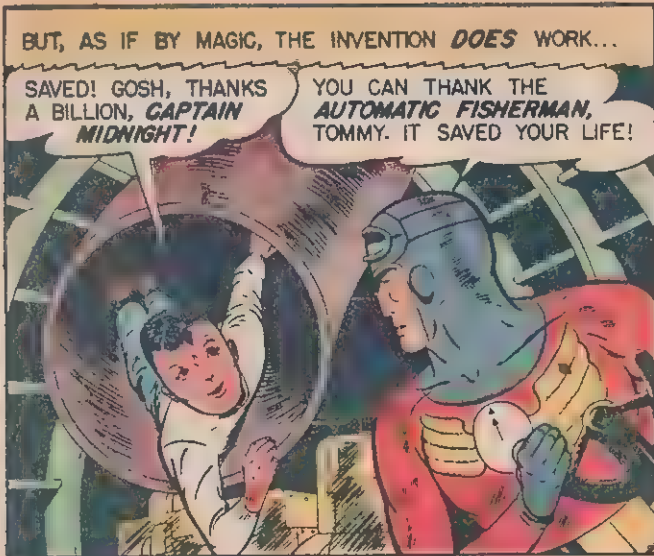
HERE GOES NOTHING!
...IF THE **SHARK'S**
AUTOMATIC FISHERMAN
WORKS AS WELL IN THE
AIR AS IT DOES IN THE
WATER, I'LL BE ABLE TO
PULL **TOMMY** RIGHT
INTO THE PLANE! IF
IT DOESN'T...?



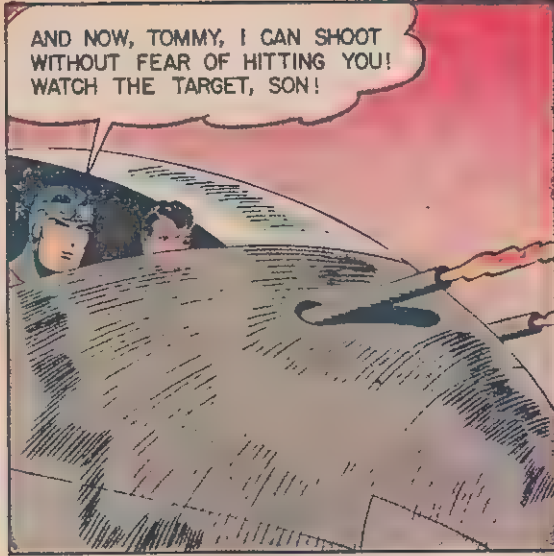
BUT, AS IF BY MAGIC, THE INVENTION *DOES* WORK...

SAVED! GOSH, THANKS
A BILLION, *CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT!*

YOU CAN THANK THE
AUTOMATIC FISHERMAN.
TOMMY. IT SAVED YOUR LIFE!



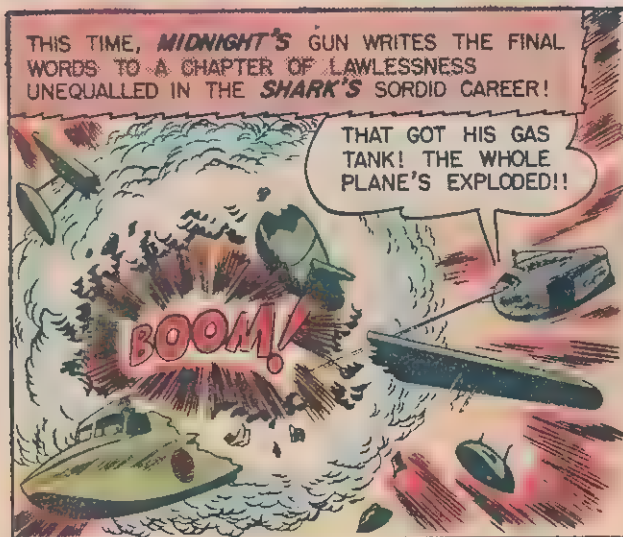
AND NOW, TOMMY, I CAN SHOOT
WITHOUT FEAR OF HITTING YOU!
WATCH THE TARGET, SON!



THIS TIME, *MIDNIGHT'S* GUN WRITES THE FINAL
WORDS TO A CHAPTER OF LAWLESSNESS
UNEQUALLED IN THE *SHARK'S* SORDID CAREER!

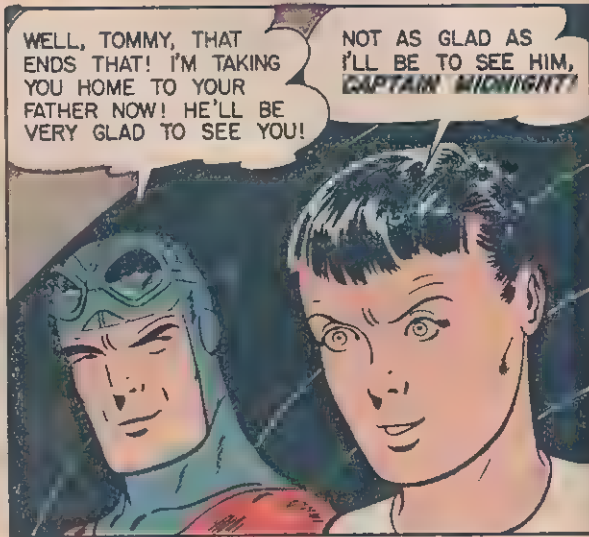
THAT GOT HIS GAS
TANK! THE WHOLE
PLANE'S EXPLODED!!

BOOM!



WELL, TOMMY, THAT
ENDS THAT! I'M TAKING
YOU HOME TO YOUR
FATHER NOW! HE'LL BE
VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU!

NOT AS GLAD AS
I'LL BE TO SEE HIM,
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



Here's some good advice from *mighty MARVEL BUNNY!*



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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

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Charlie KELLER

AFTER 2 YEARS IN THE MERCHANT MARINE, HE'S BACK SHIPPING HOMERS INTO THE RIGHT FIELD STANDS OF YANKEE STADIUM



BUT CHARLIE, YOU HIT ONE IN OUR PARK LAST TRIP



DO I GET A REGULAR JOB, BOSS?



I WON'T HAVE TO REACH FAR

KELLER MADE A CHAMPION YANKEE TEAM HIS FIRST YEAR UP. HE HIT .334 DURING THE REGULAR SEASON -- 436 IN HIS WORLD'S SERIES BOW

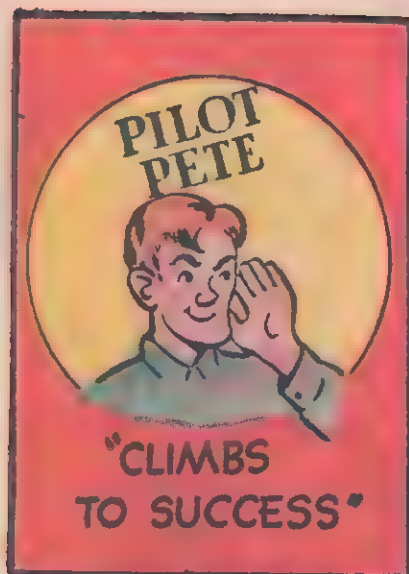
"IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT I REACH FOR WHEATIES NEARLY EVERY MORNING," EXPLAINS CHARLIE KELLER. "THOSE CRISP WHEATIES FLAKES GET MY BREAKFAST OFF TO A FAST START AND HELP SET ME UP FOR AN ACTIVE DAY. I'M BETTING MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU."

I'M ONE OF THE 34 BIG-LEAGUERS WHO APPEAR IN THESE BOOKS



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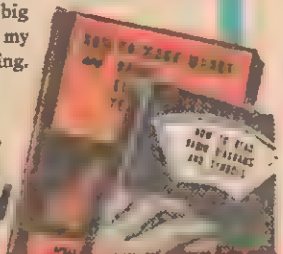
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MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

CAPTAIN

THE KID WHO
WANTED A CRACK
AT THE JAPS!

MIDNIGHT

THE GIANT B-29'S
NEEDED A BASE TO
BOMB TOKYO, BUT
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S
FIRST JOB WAS TO
STOP BARON HIMORA'S
DEVASTATING DIVE-
BOMBERS. AND
CERTAINLY SOMETHING
HAD TO BE DONE
ABOUT THE KID
WHO WANTED A
CRACK AT THE
JAPS"

HERE'S A THRILL-
STUDD YARN ABOUT
THE LAST DAYS OF
THE JAP WAR!

BULLDOZERS, HEAVY-DUTY TRUCKS,
AND FIGHTING YANKS TURN A
TANGLED PACIFIC ISLAND INTO
A B-29 BASE PRACTICALLY
OVERNIGHT...

DAY AND NIGHT THOSE BOYS
HAVE WORKED---AGAINST
HEAT, AGAINST FATIGUE,
AGAINST DENGUE FEVER---

AND
AGAINST
JAPS!

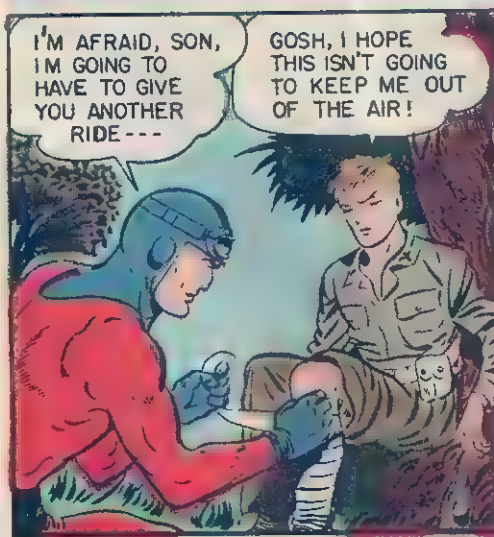
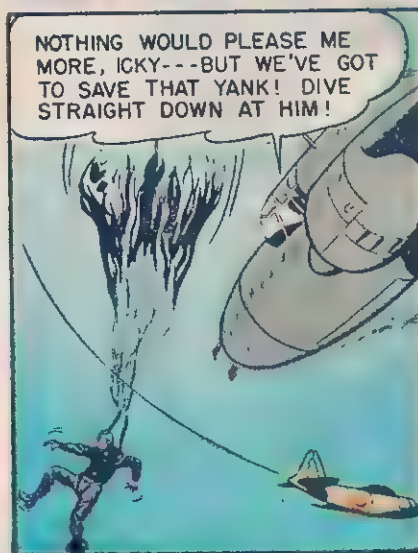
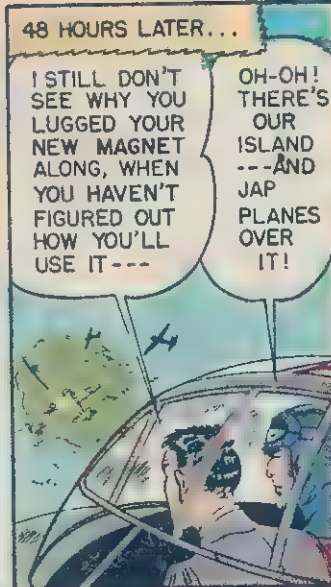
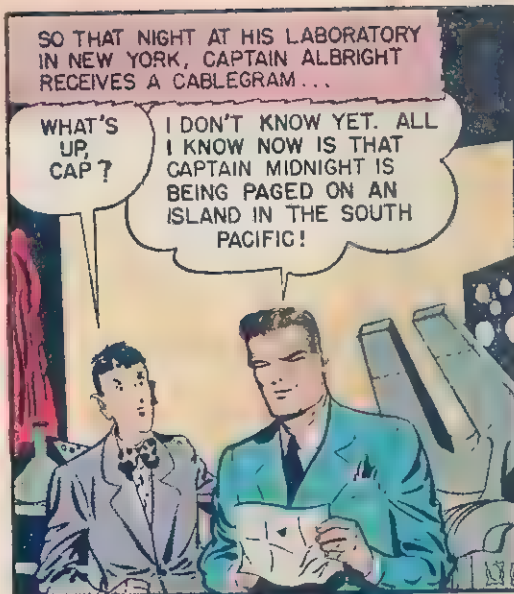
YES, AND MAINLY AGAINST
JAP ZEROES---

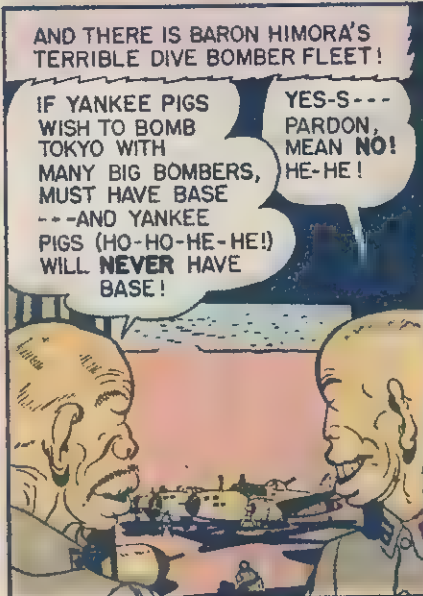
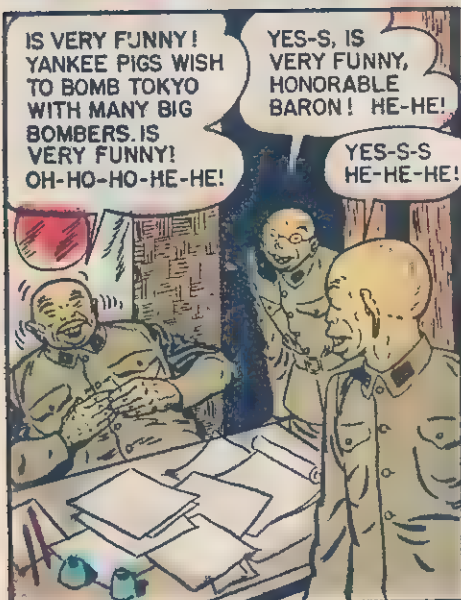
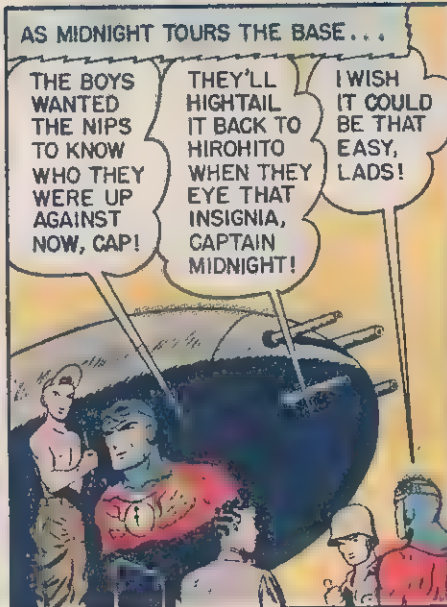
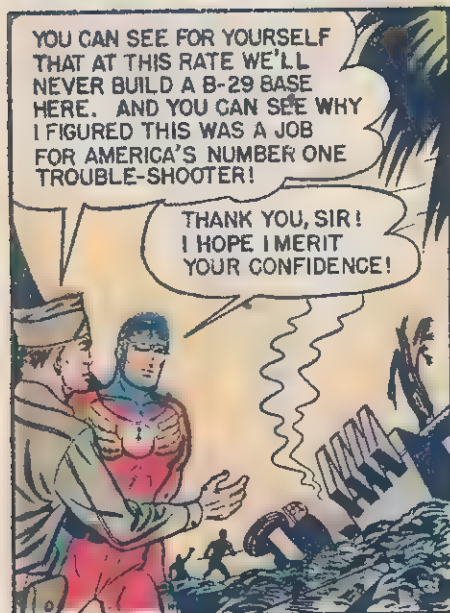
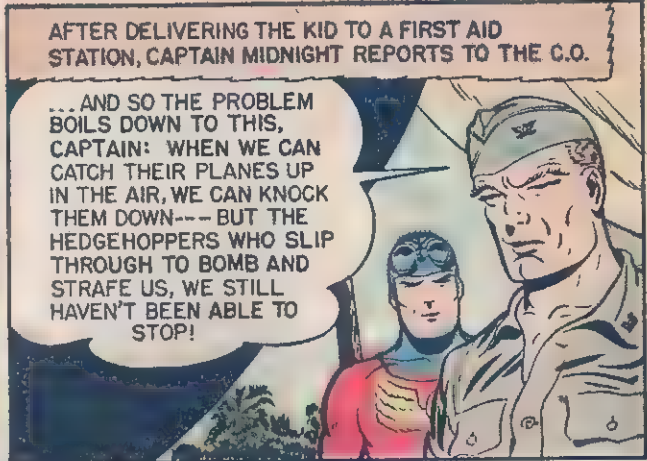
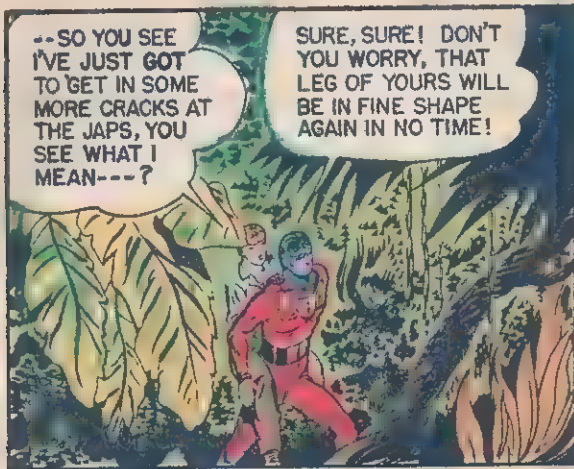
HERE THEY COME
AGAIN---AND
TOO LOW FOR
OUR ANTI-
AIRCRAFT GUNS
TO GET THEM!

DOWN,
EVERY-
BODY!
HIT THE
GROUND!

...AND THEY ARE DEAD-SET
ON SEEING THAT THE BASE
IS NEVER COMPLETED!

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST
TIME I WATCH THAT
HAPPEN! WE'RE CALLING
IN CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!





CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



WHY, THOSE MURDERING--!!



BUT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



START THE PLANE UP, ICKY! WE'RE GOING ON A LITTLE VENGEANCE MISSION!

HUH?



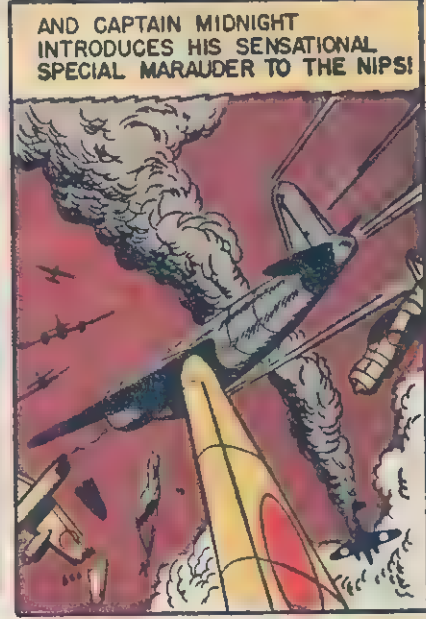
SO THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH ATTACKING OUR MEN WHEN THEY'RE HANGING HELPLESS IN PARACHUTES, EH! SO THAT POOR KID WON'T EVER FLY AGAIN, EH! WELL, I'LL FLY FOR HIM!



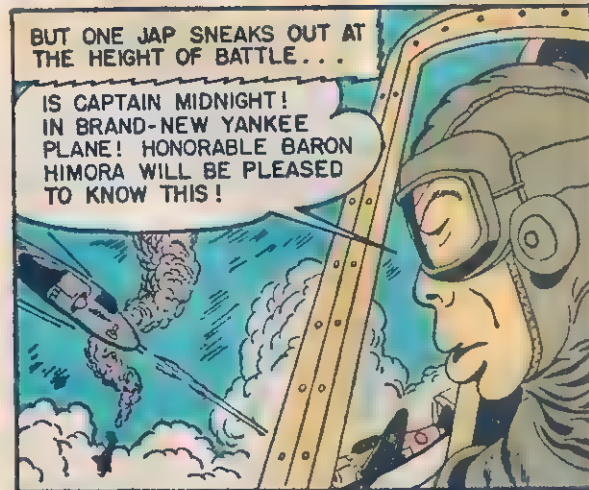
AN HOUR PASSES, A BRIGHT MOON RISES, AND THEN---

AH-HA! JAP PLANES!... JUST WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

BUT THERE MUST BE AT LEAST A DOZEN OF THEM, CAP--!

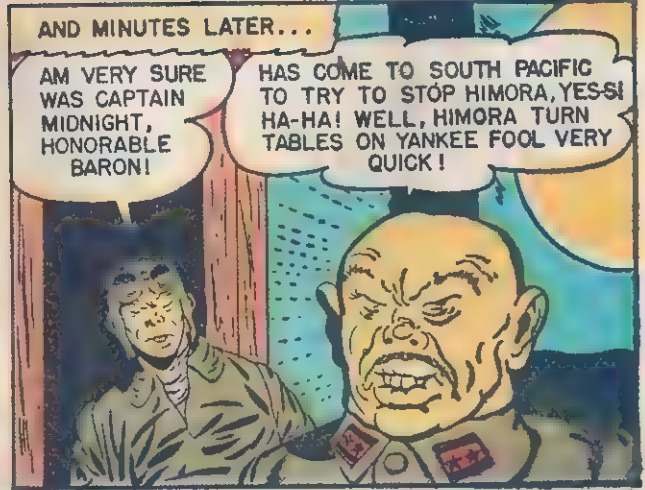


AND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INTRODUCES HIS SENSATIONAL SPECIAL MARAUDER TO THE NIPS!



BUT ONE JAP SNEAKS OUT AT THE HEIGHT OF BATTLE...

IS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! IN BRAND-NEW YANKEE PLANE! HONORABLE BARON HIMORA WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THIS!



AND MINUTES LATER...

AM VERY SURE WAS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, HONORABLE BARON!

HAS COME TO SOUTH PACIFIC TO TRY TO STOP HIMORA, YESS! HA-HA! WELL, HIMORA TURN TABLES ON YANKEE FOOL VERY QUICK!

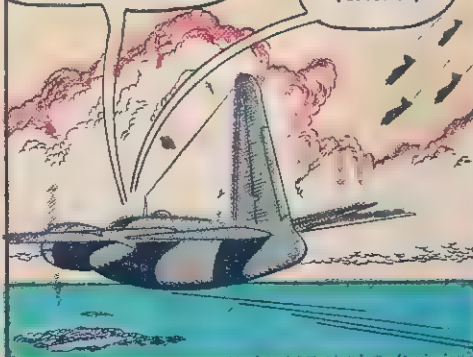
WHILE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
AWAY FROM BASE,
HIMORA STRIKE!



THUS IT IS THAT WHEN CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT RETURNS TO THE BASE.

OH-OH! APPARENTLY
THE JAPS CAME AFTER
US WHILE WE WENT
AFTER THEM!

AND
THEY'RE
DIVING
ALREADY!
(GROAN)



YES, IT'S TOO LATE TO
ENGAGE THEM IN A
DOGFIGHT--- BUT MAYBE
WE CAN STILL STOP THEM!
TAKE THE CONTROLS, ICKY,
AND DIVE STRAIGHT
ACROSS THE PATH OF
THE NIPS!



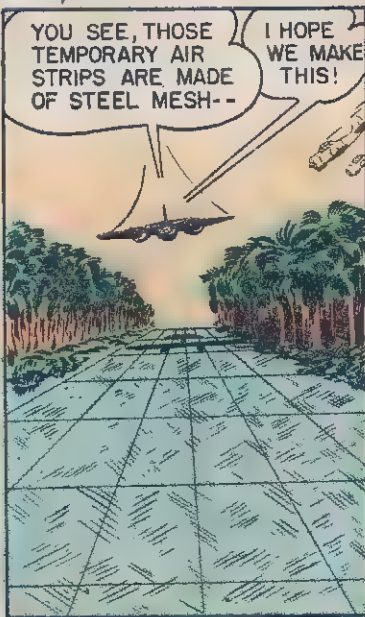
I THOUGHT
MY MAGNET
MIGHT COME
IN HANDY...

HERE WE GO
FOR BETTER OR
FOR WORSE, CAP!

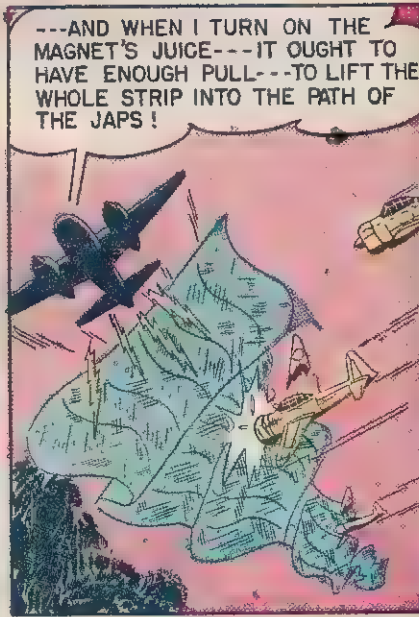


YOU SEE, THOSE
TEMPORARY AIR
STRIPS ARE MADE
OF STEEL MESH--

I HOPE
WE MAKE
THIS!



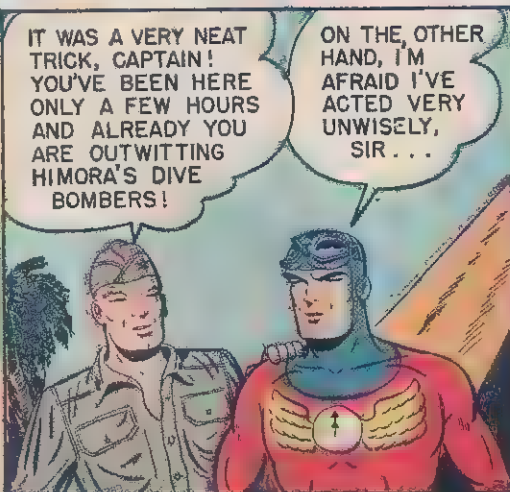
---AND WHEN I TURN ON THE
MAGNET'S JUICE--- IT OUGHT TO
HAVE ENOUGH PULL--- TO LIFT THE
WHOLE STRIP INTO THE PATH OF
THE JAPS!



BUT THE NEXT
DAY, AS THE G.O.
CONGRATULATES
HIM FOR
SMASHING THE
JAP ATTACK,
CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT
FEELS ONLY
REGRET
FOR HIS
VENGEANCE
SORTIE....

IT WAS A VERY NEAT
TRICK, CAPTAIN!
YOU'VE BEEN HERE
ONLY A FEW HOURS
AND ALREADY YOU
ARE OUTWITTING
HIMORA'S DIVE
BOMBERS!

ON THE OTHER
HAND, I'M
AFRAID I'VE
ACTED VERY
UNWISELY,
SIR...



...FOR NOW THAT HIMORA KNOWS
I'VE ARRIVED HERE, HE'LL SURELY
THROW EVERYTHING HE'S GOT AT US!
AND THAT MEANS JUST ONE THING--
I MUST SOMEHOW CONCOCT A PLAN
TO STOP SUCH AN ALL-OUT ASSAULT!



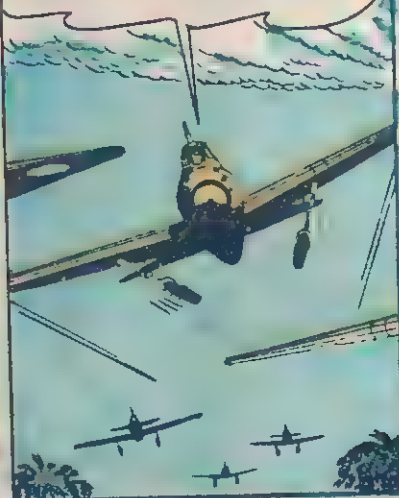
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

MEANTIME--- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S PREDICTION COMES TRUE!

YANKEE FOOL PULL VERY FUNNY TRICK BY MOON-LIGHT, EH? WELL, HIMORA SHOW YANKEE FOOL VERY FUNNY TRICK BY DAYLIGHT!



HIMORA PERSONALLY SHOW CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HOW TO WIPE OUT WHOLE YANKEE AIR BASE IN SINGLE BLOW!



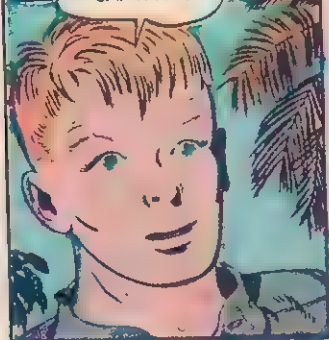
WHILE BACK AT THE U.S. BASE...

JIMMY! YOU'RE UP AND AROUND ALREADY! WHY, THAT'S FINE!

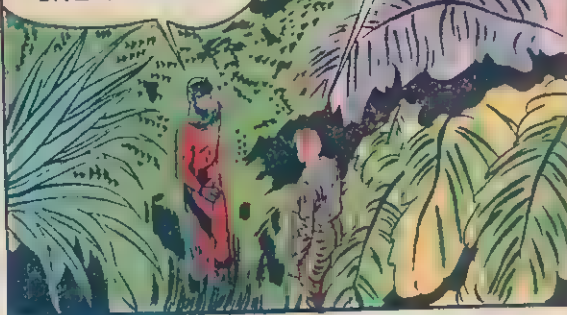
NOT TOO FINE! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! BECAUSE I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO AFTER THOSE SNEAKANES ANY MORE!



BUT THE DOC TOLD ME HOW YOU WENT RIGHT OUT AND SMACKED THEM WHEN HE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME! THAT WAS SWELL OF YOU, CAPTAIN!



THE TROUBLE NOW IS THAT THEY'LL BE COMING BACK AND SMACKING US--AND I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEIR DIVE-BOMBERS!



GOLLY, CAPTAIN, IF ONLY YOU COULD BRING THEM DOWN HERE WHERE I COULD GET A CRACK AT THEM---

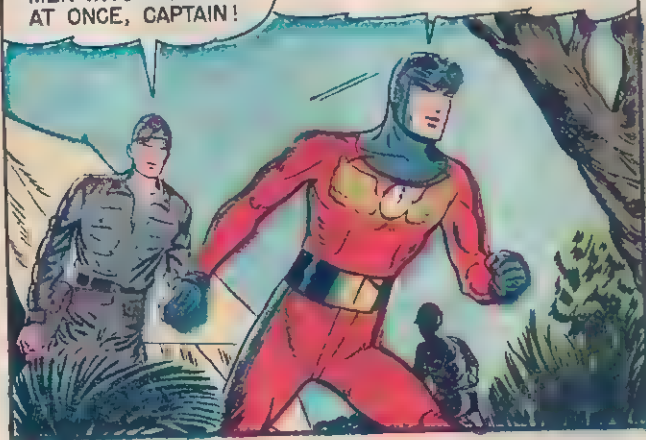
JIMMY! THAT'S IT... MAYBE YOU'LL GET YOUR CRACK AT THE NIPS AFTER ALL!



AND AFTER A QUICK CONFERENCE WITH THE C.O. ...

I'LL ORGANIZE THE MEN INTO PATROLS AT ONCE, CAPTAIN!

FINE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

BUT CAPTAIN, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT---

ALL RIGHT, ICKY, HUSTLE ALONG WITH THAT MACHINE-GUN!

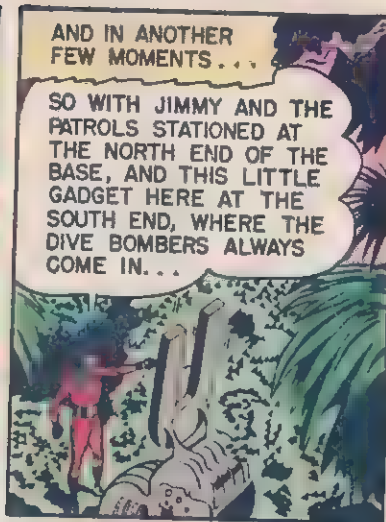


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO SHOOT AT--?!

JAPS, JIMMY, JAPS!

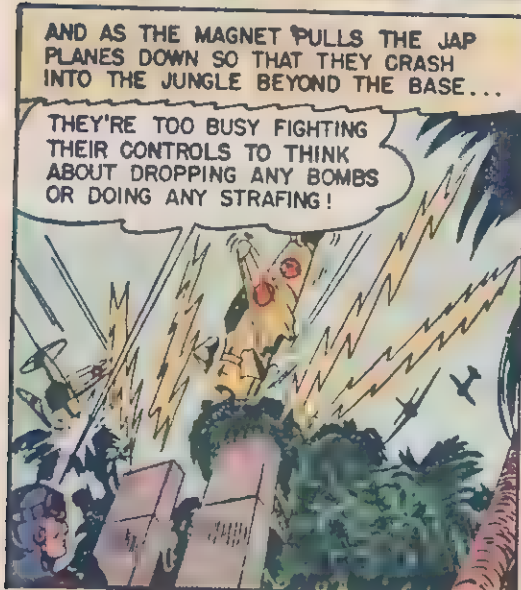


AND IN ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS...

SO WITH JIMMY AND THE PATROLS STATIONED AT THE NORTH END OF THE BASE, AND THIS LITTLE GADGET HERE AT THE SOUTH END, WHERE THE DIVE BOMBERS ALWAYS COME IN...

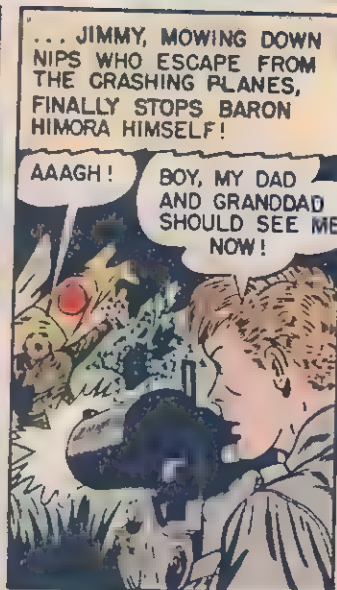


I THINK WE'LL BE READY FOR MR. HIMORA!... AND HERE HE COMES RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!



AND AS THE MAGNET PULLS THE JAP PLANES DOWN SO THAT THEY CRASH INTO THE JUNGLE BEYOND THE BASE...

THEY'RE TOO BUSY FIGHTING THEIR CONTROLS TO THINK ABOUT DROPPING ANY BOMBS OR DOING ANY STRAFING!



... JIMMY, MOWING DOWN NIPS WHO ESCAPE FROM THE CRASHING PLANES, FINALLY STOPS BARON HIMORA HIMSELF!

AAAGH!

BOY, MY DAD AND GRANDDAD SHOULD SEE ME NOW!



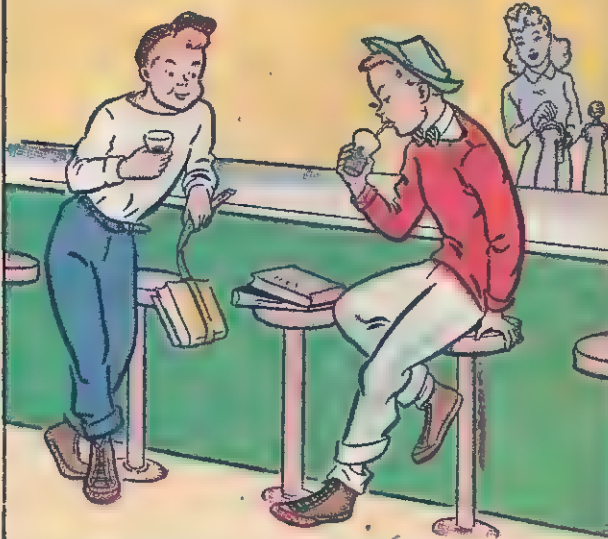
WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT FOR THE JOB YOU'VE DONE!

THEN SAVE SOME OF IT FOR THE KID HERE. HIS FOLKS ARE GOING TO BE PROUD OF HIM!

CAPT. MIDNIGHT'S AVIATION TERMS

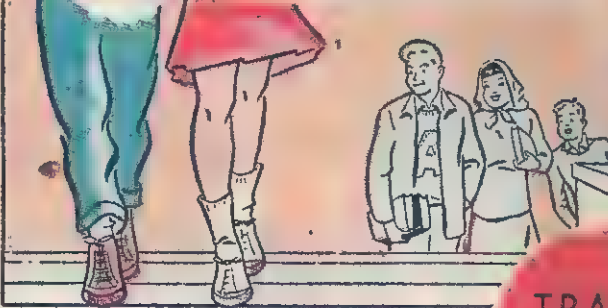
- | | |
|---|---|
| ACE: COMBAT PILOT WITH AT LEAST FIVE VICTORIES. | BOWHEAVY: NOSE HEAVY. |
| BAD SHOW: A BADLY EXECUTED FLIGHT PERFORMANCE. | BOX BARRAGE: STRONG ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENSE. |
| BALBO: MASS FLIGHT OF ALLIED PLANES. | BRAKE JUICE: HYDRAULIC FLUID. |
| BANDIT: ENEMY AIRCRAFT. | BRIEFING: INSTRUCTION OF PILOTS BEFORE TAKE-OFF. |
| BELLY LANDING: LANDING WITH WHEELS RETRACTED. | BROLLY: PARACHUTE. |
| BIRD CAGE: DIRECTIONAL GYROSCOPE. | BROMO: GASSING SHIP. |
| BLOW THE TANK: RELEASE AIR FROM GAS TANK. | BUCKET O'BOLTS: ENGINE. |
| BOMBING UP: TAKING ON A BOMB LOAD. | BUG JUICE: PROPELLER DE-ICER FLUID. |
| BOMBPHLETEER: ONE WHO DROPS PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS. | BUTTONED UP: READY TO GO. |

THEY REALLY HAVE FUN! THESE BALL-BAND KIDS!

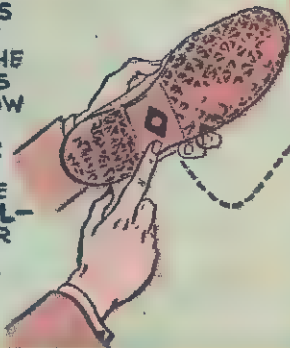


IN SPORTS AND PLAY THESE KIDS WIN
CHEERS, IN GRADE SCHOOL, AND HIGH AND
THROUGH COLLEGE YEARS!

THEIR SMOOTH-FITTING SPORT SHOES, RENOWNED
O'ER THE LAND, ARE THE CHOICE OF THE
WINNERS...THEY'RE FAMOUS BALL-BAND!



SO IN SPORTS
AND IN FUN, IF
YOU WANT THE
FIRST CALL, IT'S
EASY TO KNOW
WHAT TO DO,
LOOK NOW FOR
THE STORE
WHERE YOU SEE
THE RED BALL—
AND LOOK FOR
IT, TOO, ON
EACH SPORT
SHOE!



MISHAWA RUBBER & WOOLLEN SHOE CO.
MISHAWA, MINNAP.



ADMIRER AND ENVIED, SO GRACEFUL
SO FLEET! ONE REASON IS CLEAR WHEN
YOU LOOK AT THEIR FEET!



BALL-BAND SHOES ARE LIGHT AND LONG WEAR-
ING, TOO. LOOK HIGH AND LOOK LOW—THOUGH
YOU SEARCH DAY AND NIGHT, YOU NEVER WILL
FIND A FINER SPORT SHOE!



TRADE
MARK

BALL-BAND CANVAS SPORT SHOES!
THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING!

NON-SLIPPING SOLES
FOR FASTER STARTING,
QUICKER STOPPING, SAFER
FOOTWORK—

BUILT TO HELP
PROTECT THE FEET AND
BODY FROM SHOCK AND
JAR—LESSEN FATIGUE—
GOOD LOOKING,
LIGHT AND COMFORTABLE,
YET RUGGED TOO—
SOLES WON'T MARK
FLOORS—WASH QUICK
AND CLEAN—



ALSO AVAILABLE
IN OXFORDS.

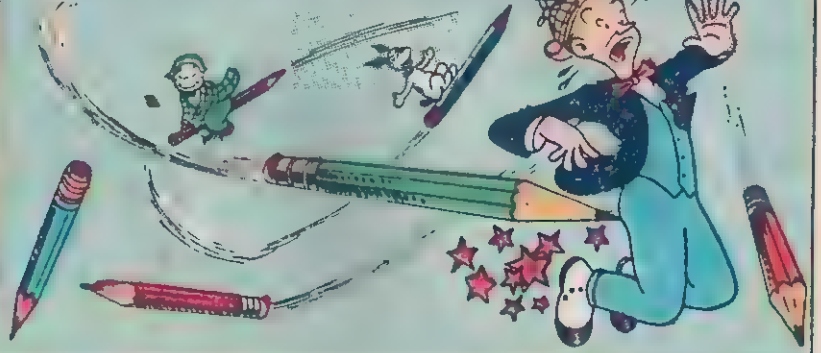
RICHARD RICHARD

AND
THE

PENCIL CASE

PRIVATE DICK

IT'S POINTLESS TO SAY THAT A PENCIL HAS LEAD RICHARD RICHARD TO HIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE—THE PENCIL CASE. READ HOW RICHARD RICHARD AND HIS ASSISTANTS, RH CHOO AND FLUB DUB, THE TALKING MUTT, BEAR DOWN ON THE CRIMINAL AND ALMOST GET ERASED!



OUTSIDE THE PODUNK VALLEY
GRAMMAR SCHOOL —

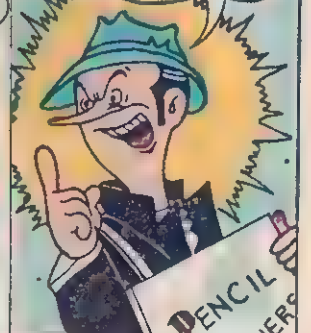
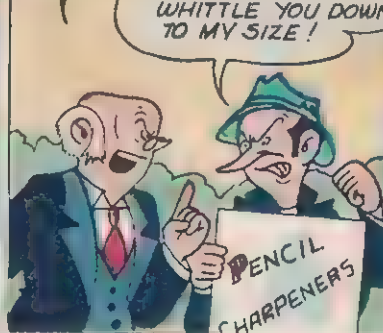


HERE YOU ARE, KIDS.
GET YOUR PENCIL
SHARPENERS — ONLY
FIVE CENTS!

THIS IS YOUR LAST
WARNING! IF I CATCH
YOU HERE AGAIN, I'M
GOING TO CALL THE
POLICE!

YOU MAY BE THE
PRINCIPAL OF THIS
SCHOOL BUT I'LL
WHITTLE YOU DOWN
TO MY SIZE!

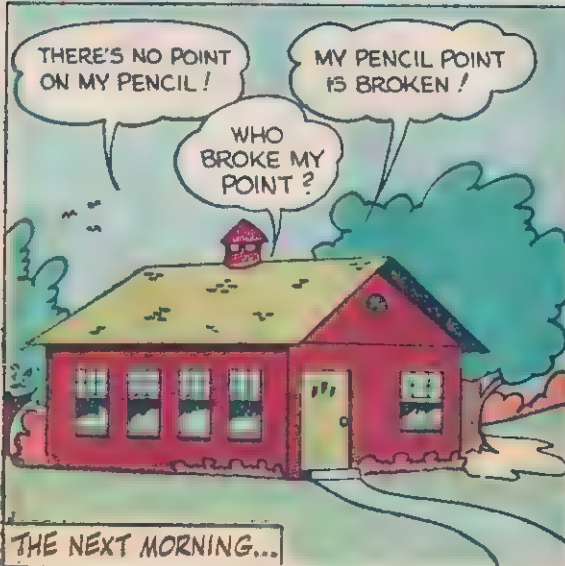
FOR TEN YEARS I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO SELL MY
PENCIL SHARPENERS OUT-
SIDE THIS SCHOOL AND I
HAVEN'T MADE A SALE YET.
NOW YOU WANT TO PUT ME
OUT OF BUSINESS! I'LL
HAVE MY REVENGE!



THERE'S NO POINT
ON MY PENCIL!

MY PENCIL POINT
IS BROKEN!

WHO
BROKE MY
POINT?

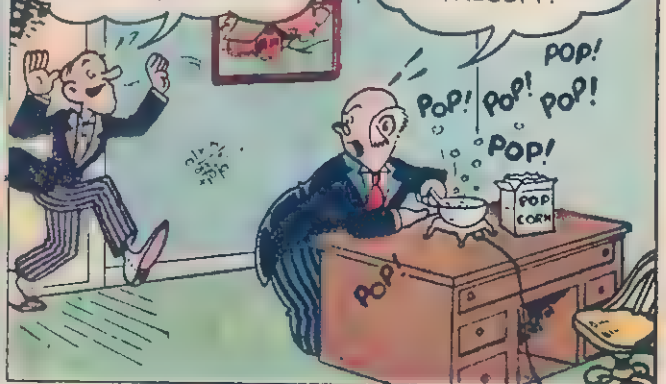


THE NEXT MORNING...

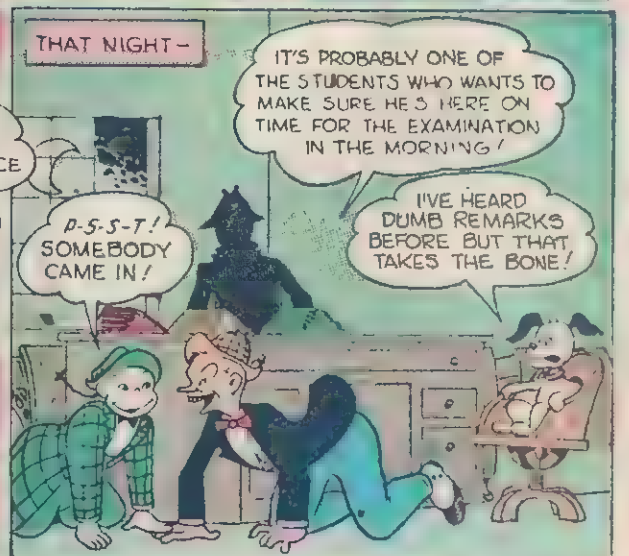
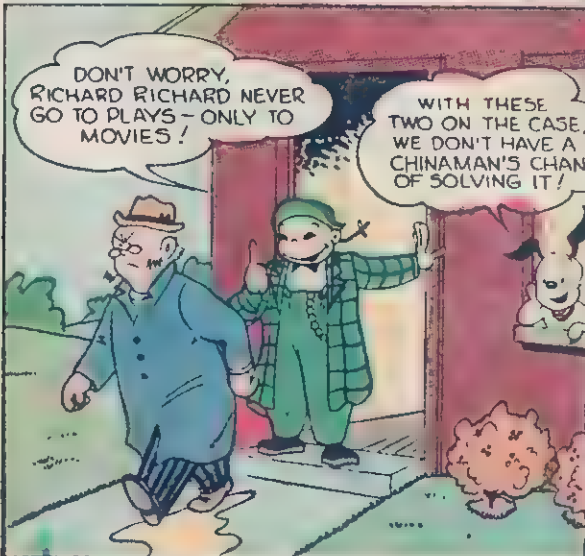
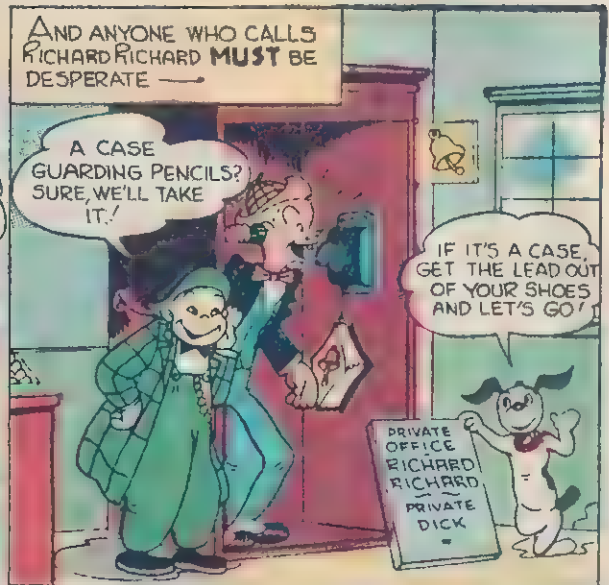
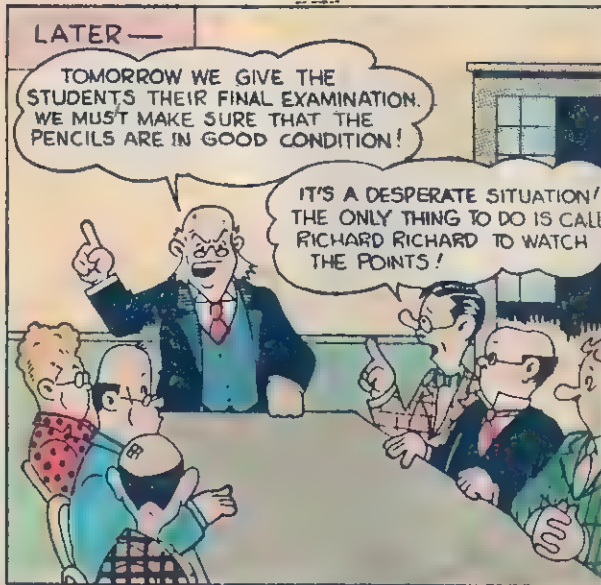
IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
THINGS ARE POPPING —

THE WHOLE SCHOOL
IS POINTLESS! THERE'S
DIRTY WORK AFOOT!

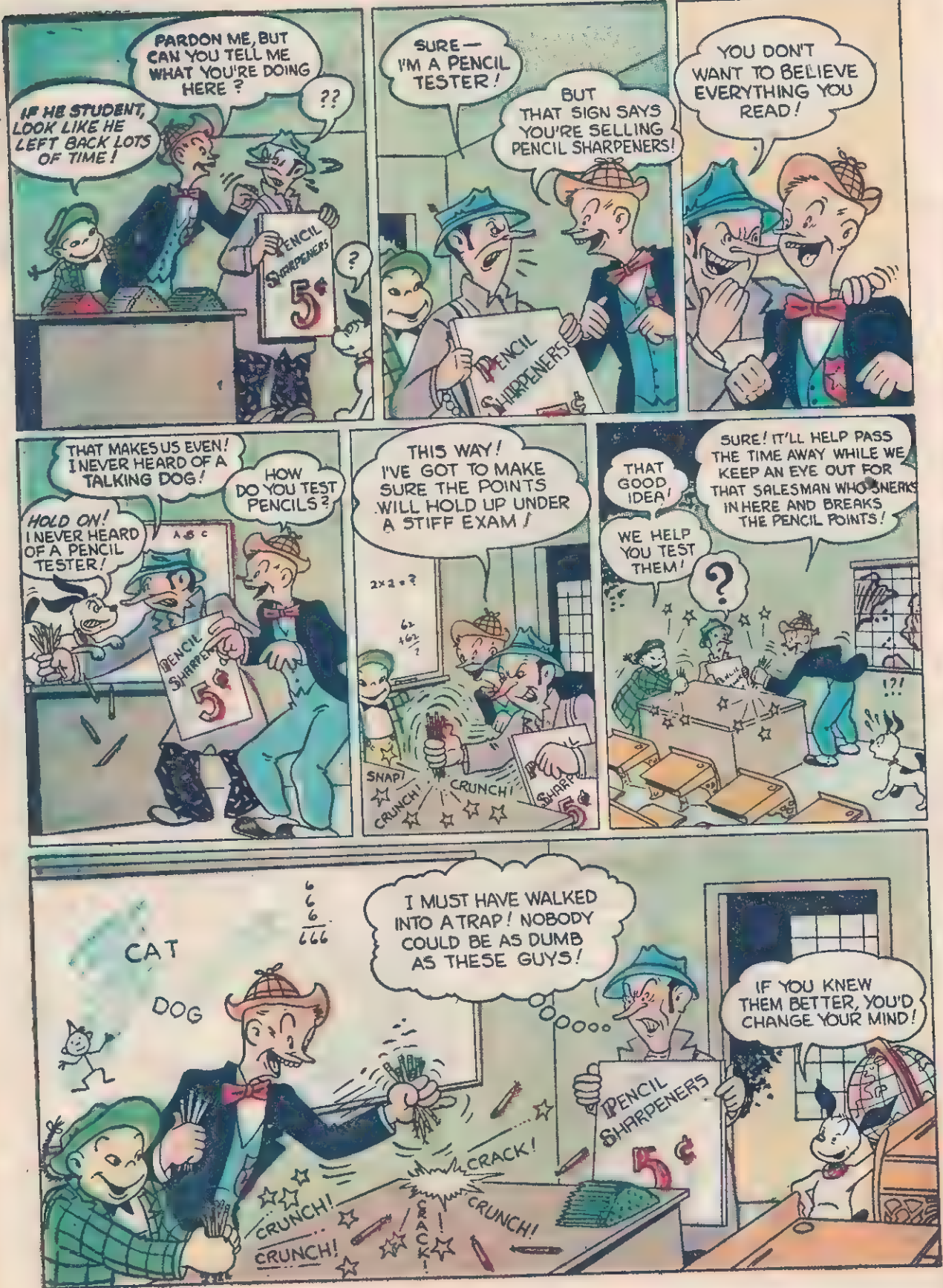
IT'S AN
EMERGENCY! CALL
A MEETING OF THE
FACULTY!



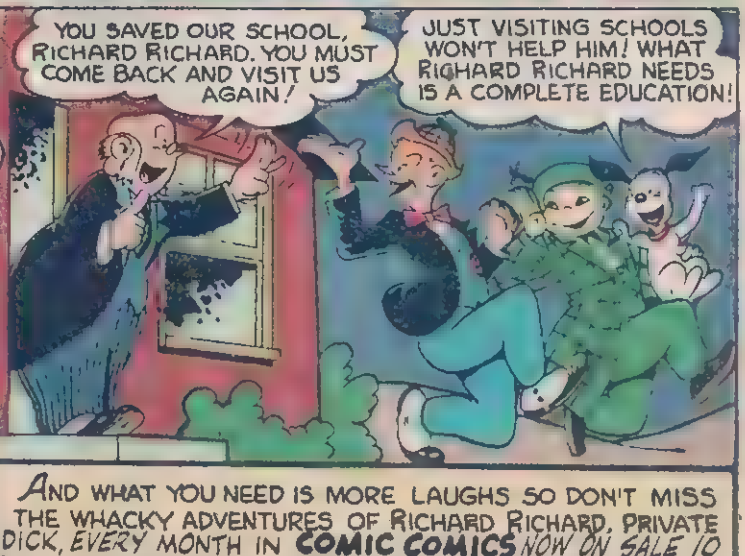
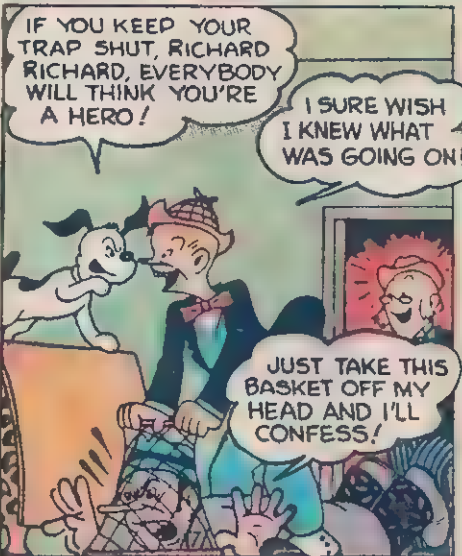
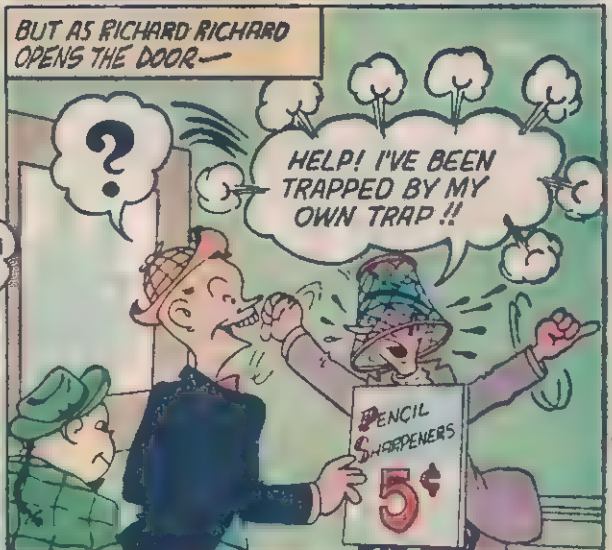
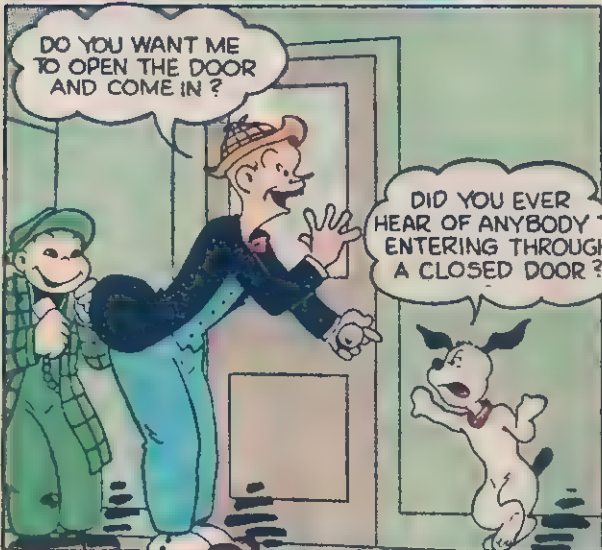
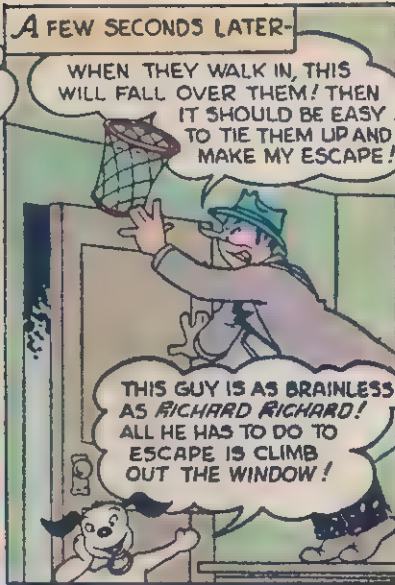
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



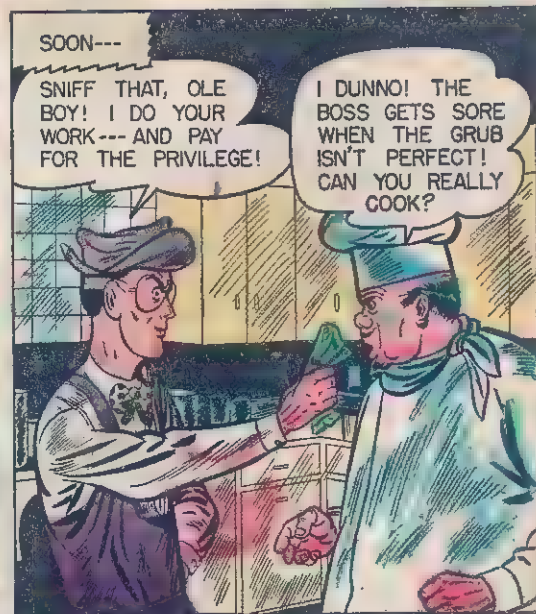
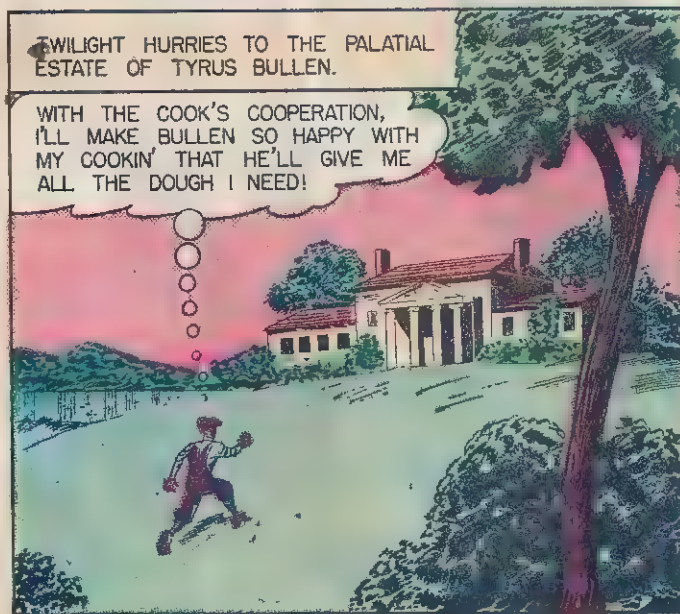
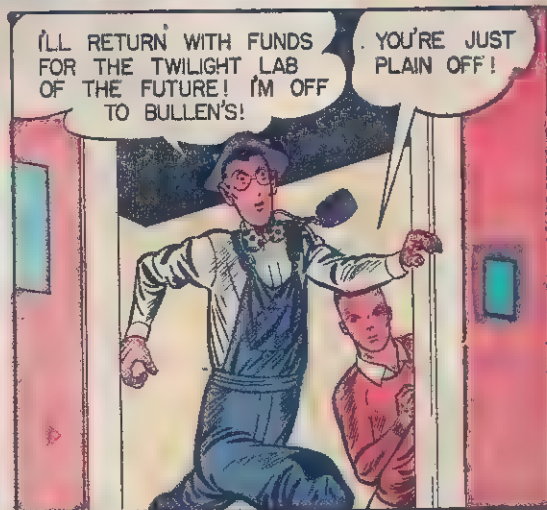
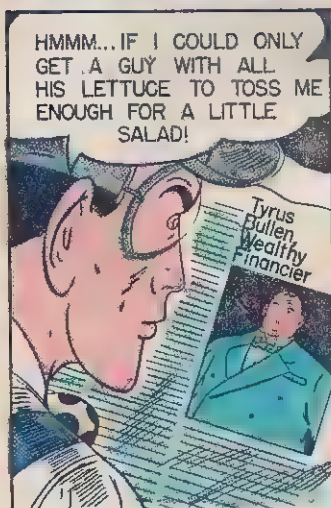
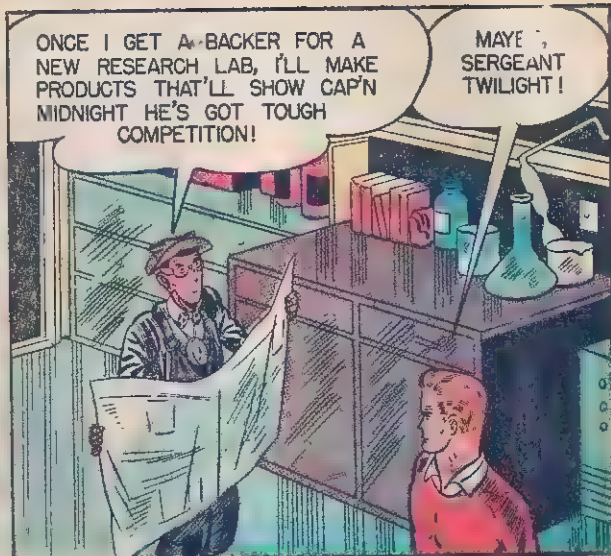
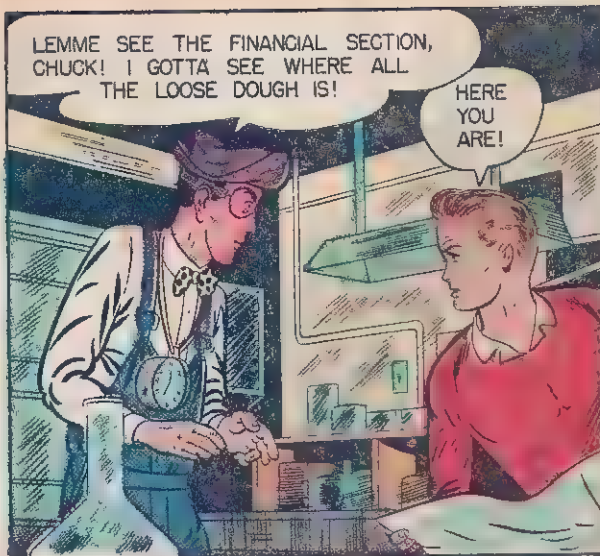
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



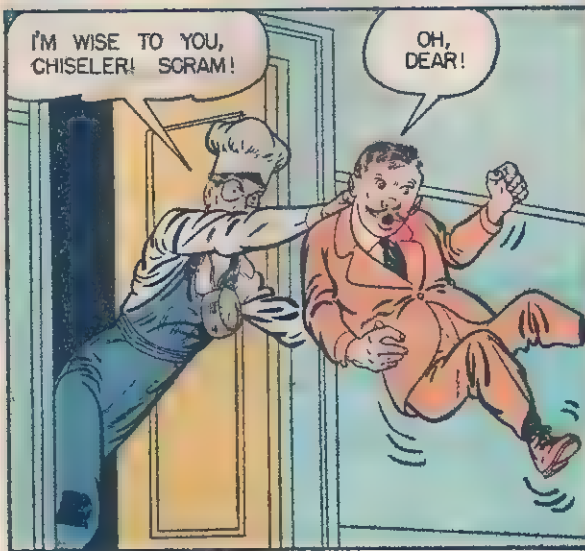
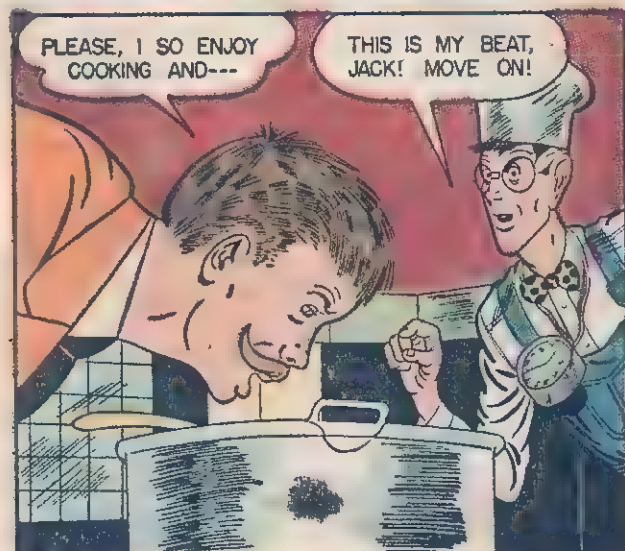
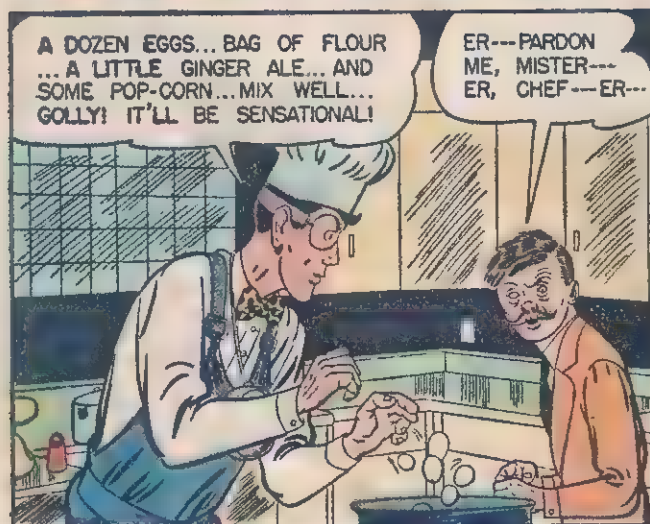
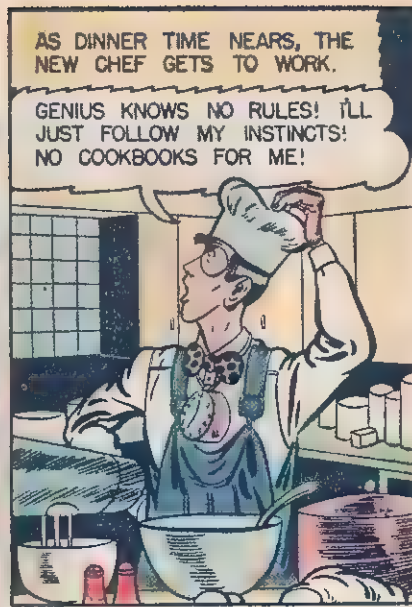
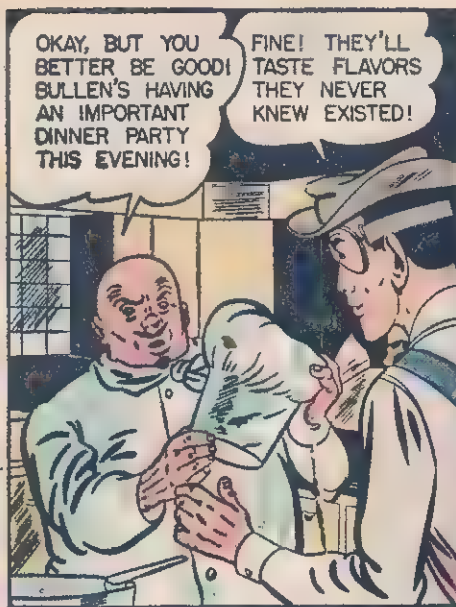


SERGEANT TWILIGHT (ICHABOD MUDD'S SCREWY MIRTH-MASTER VERSION OF MIGHTY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT) THINKS AN EGG-BEATER IS SOMEONE WHO'S MAD AT EGGS, SO WHEN HE TRIES TO BE A SMOOTH CHEF, THE POOR, DEFENSELESS KITCHEN IS IN FOR A ROUGH SESSION! WATCH THE GALLANT BUT GOOFY SARGE WHIP UP LAUGHS ON THE FRONT BURNER AS HE "COOKS A

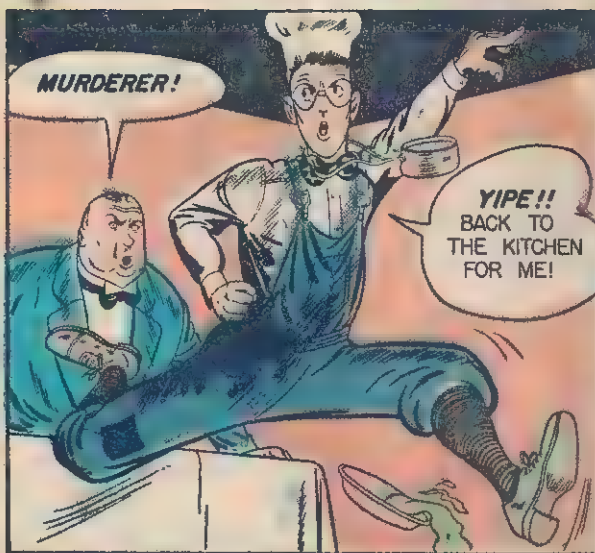
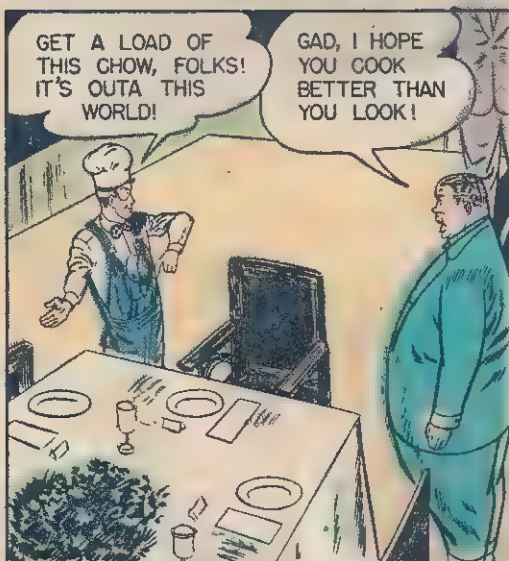
MESS OF TROUBLE!

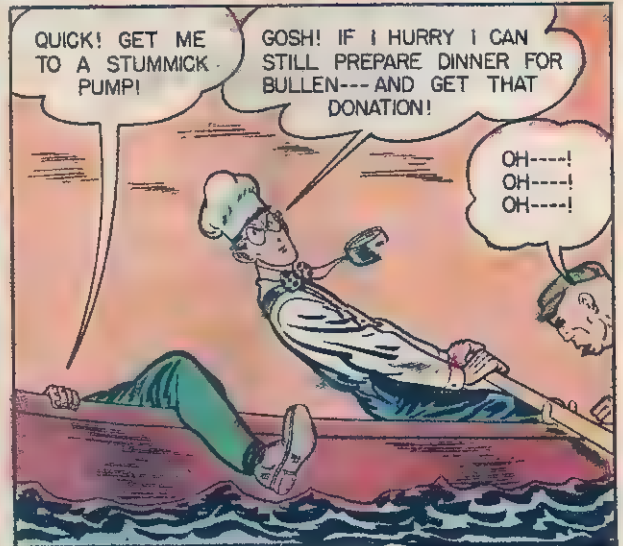
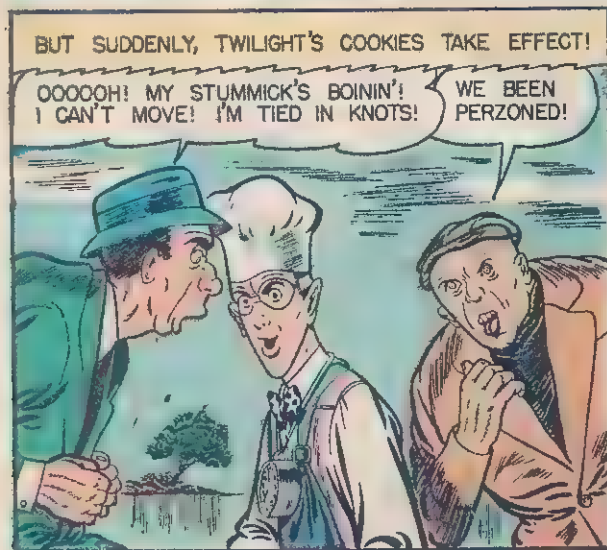
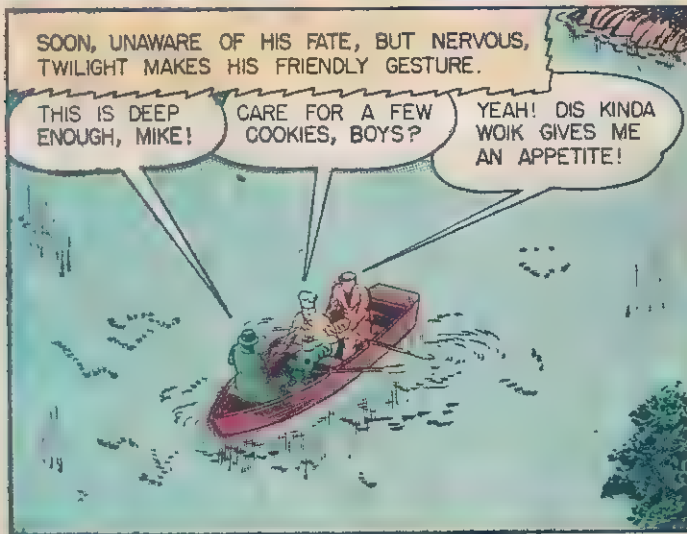


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

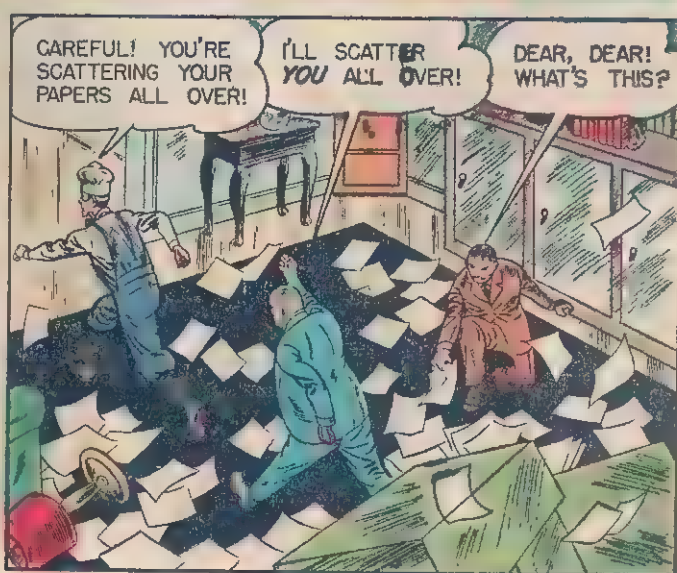
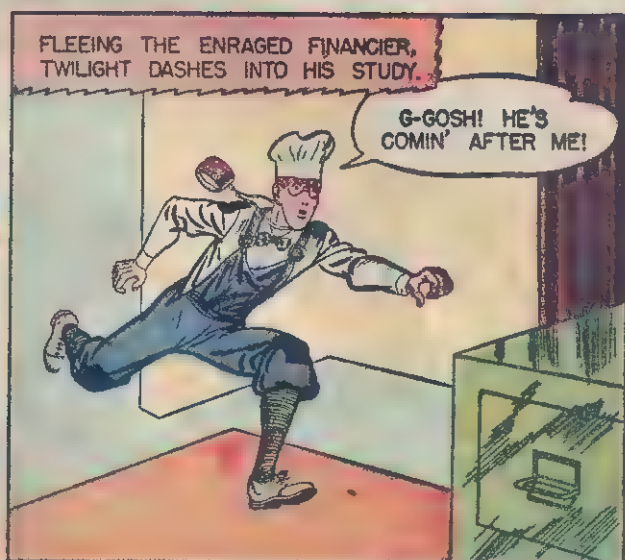


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

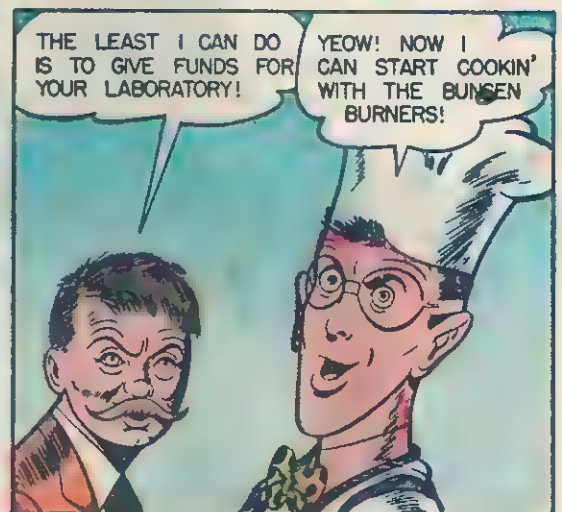
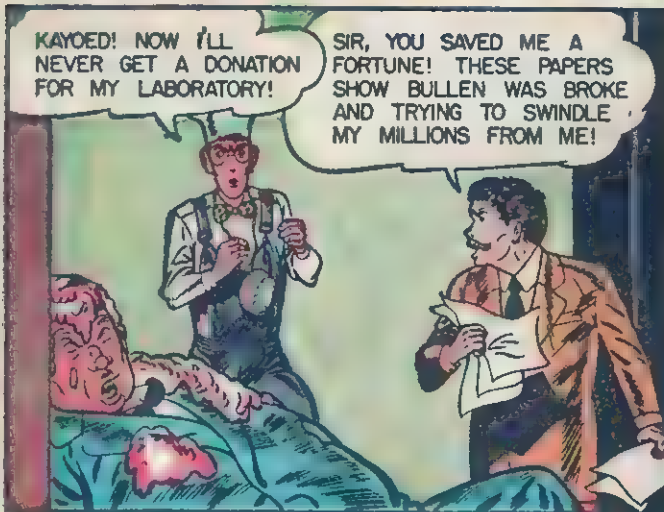
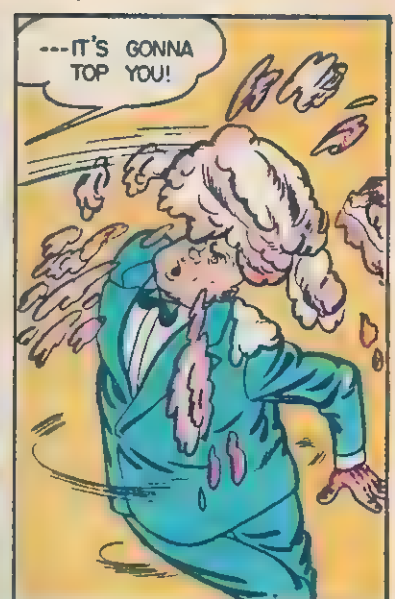




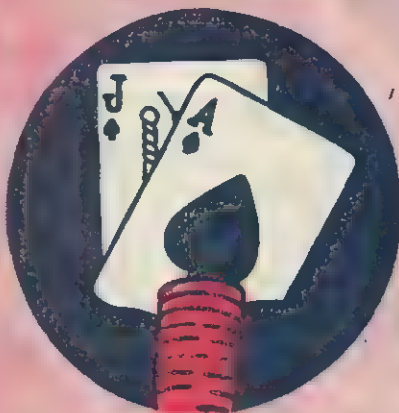
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



"CAPT. MIDNIGHT'S FIGHTING AIR INSIGNIA"



341 ST FIGHTER SQUADRON



383 RD BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON

"Courage In Command"

A "Red Skye" Flying Story

By Richard G. Kraus

*A plane was plunging toward the earth
A frightened kid was at the stick,
Would destiny avert the crash?
Read the latest RED SKYE trick . . .*

IT WAS TOO bad about young Bob Richards, Red Skye decided. The boy was just scared to death of flying! Not that it was easy to blame him, after the bad crack-up he'd been in in the AAF. Two months in an army hospital getting put together again was something you couldn't forget in a hurry.

But that was all over now. Bob was discharged and back at work for his dad, Paul Richards, president of Richards Airlines. Which made it pretty tough, Red realized, when the boy refused to have anything to do with planes.

One day Paul Richards spoke up to Red.

"Skye," he'd said, "you know a lot about planes; you've been flying them since you were knee high to a DC-3. And you know men too. What can we do for Bob?"

"You mean around here?" Red had asked guardedly. "He's doing a fine job in the office, isn't he?"

"In the office, yes!" the aviation executive said. "But that kid belongs up in the air, flying!"

"Haven't you mentioned it to him since he came back from the hospital?"

"Just once," replied Paul Richards. "He turned white and said he was through with flying for good, and that if I mentioned it again, he'd

quit the company for good. And he meant it!"

"Gosh, that's tough," said the red-headed pilot. "I guess all we can do is hope he gets over it!"

But, as the days went by, Bob Richards didn't seem to be 'getting over it.' The son of the airlines president worked in the field office, refusing to go into the hangars, much less into a plane.

Then, one day, Paul Richards called Red into his office.

"Red," he said, "I'm going over to Clayton City to arrange a transport contract. I don't expect anything special to come up, but if it does, you'll be in charge of the field . . ."

A couple of hours after Richards had left, Red and Bob were in the office, checking weather teletypes, when the telephone rang. Bob answered it, listened for a few moments, then hung up.

"Red!" He came over to the wire desk, face tense and worried. "Red, the City Hospital in Kingston just called us on a special emergency!"

"What is it, Bob?"

"A farmer just drove down from Jackson Mesa, in the mountains, with two of his children. When the Kingston doctors examined them, they found they had diptheria! And they're afraid that all the other kids in Jackson Mesa will get the disease too, unless they're inoculated immediately!"

"Why did they call us?"

"Because it would take a whole day to drive up there with the serum," said Bob. "But if a plane could fly it

up and drop it by parachute, it might mean lives being saved!"

"It would mean several hours, at that," said Red. "Well, I can fly it up . . ."

Then a sudden thought struck him.

"But we'll need two men in the plane!"

"Why?"

"So one can pilot the plane while the other drops the serum. If just one man tries it he's liable to overshoot and drop the serum somewhere in the woods."

Bob Richards stared at Red. "Do you mean—" His face whitened. "I—I haven't been in a plane since my accident. Do you want me to go?"

"Yes!" Red thudded his fist against the desk. "You studied speeds and trajectory; you'd do a good job!"

The boy hesitated. Then his face set in grim lines.

"I guess I haven't any choice, if it might mean lives. Okay, I'm with you Red. The doctor said he was sending the serum up by ambulance; it ought to be here soon!"

WITHIN A FEW minutes Red and Bob Richards were aloft in a Piper J-4 Coupe, winging up toward the mountains. It would take them a little more than two hours of flying to reach Jackson Mesa with the serum. As the light cabin monoplane hummed through the air, Red watched the boy out of the corner of his eye. Bob was gripping his seat with his hands; his eyes refused to stray to the outside,

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

to admit that he was up in the air again.

"Bob, tell me something," Red broke the silence.

"Yes?"

"What happened when you cracked up in the Air Corps? I know you've never mentioned it, but maybe it'll do you good to get it off your chest."

BOB'S VOICE, when it finally came, was harsh and strained.

"Maybe you're right. I might as well talk about it. I was in a two-seater TEXAN trainer with Ken Baker, my best pal! We were practicing dive-bombing and strafing tactics, until, suddenly, when we were in the middle of a dive, something happened to me. I—I lost my nerve..."

"I froze the stick as we came down. Ken pleaded with me by intercom to let it go, to let him take over by dual control! I finally did. But it was too late. We hit some trees as he tried to bring us out of the dive. Clipped a wing and bounced. I was lucky. I only broke a leg and some ribs. Ken wasn't so lucky..."

The Piper Coupe droned on above the mountains.

"That's a tough yarn, kid," Red broke in. "But I've seen it happen again and again, to men who weren't cowards. Get that out of your head—there's nothing wrong with you!"

"I don't know. I'm scared to death, afraid that if I ever go into a dive again in a plane, I'll do the same thing! And next time I won't be so lucky."

Red checked his instruments, looked worriedly down through the overcast. "We're almost there," he said. "But this cotton wool worries me. We may have to go pretty low to locate Jackson Mesa, with all this cloud stuff."

Bob didn't answer, but Red noticed his hands twitching nervously as he rigged the serum parachute.

A snow-topped peak loomed ahead through the mist.

"That's Old Smoky," said the boy. "Jackson Mesa is about a mile on the other side of it."

The J-4 cruised the peak, then circled slowly as two pairs of eyes fought to find a break in the clouds. It was useless; the clouds formed an impenetrable shroud.

Red eased the stick forward, put the plane into a gently angling dive. Down it glided, as seconds flicked by.

"Aren't we going too low?" Bob asked.

"NO; we've got to go low to get under this overcast."

Young Richards was quiet for a moment. Then his voice broke. "No! You're taking us too far. You'll kill us both!"

"Quiet, kid," gritted Red. "It's the only way we can locate the village to drop the serum."

"I won't stand for it!" Bob lunged for the stick. "Take us up! You've got to!"

He clutched wildly at the controls. Red held him off for a moment. Then, losing his balance, the crimson-haired pilot toppled from his seat and fell against the side of the plane. His head slammed against the panelling. Unconscious, Red sank to the cabin floor.

Bob gripped the stick eagerly.

"I'm free, on my own," he gasped. "I can take her up and save us both. Red's unconscious; he can't stop me."

But even as the young pilot drew back on the controls, he hesitated. There seemed to be another voice inside him, voicing an appeal that he could not deny.

"What's that? I gotta do this job right—for Ken? It's the kind of thing he'd have wanted me to do? I—can't think."

Great beads of sweat stood out on Bob's forehead as he wrestled with himself. He looked down at Red, but there was no help there.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the young pilot eased the stick forward, letting the plane slip back into the dive. Leaning forward, he stared into the white fog.

"I've got to find the Mesa," he whispered to himself. "A lot depends on it!"

Down, perilously far down, zoomed the plane. Then, all at once, the tendrils of wreathing clouds slipped away. Bob found himself skimming a few hundred feet above the ground. And there, a half mile ahead, were the rooftops of Jackson Mesa!

Now, as he came closer, Bob could see a knot of wildly waving men standing in an open field. He banked slowly, flew directly over them, and eased the serum and the parachute out the side door. Its white cap blossomed just over the men; the serum was delivered. Bob turned the plane for home.

"Nice going, kid," said a dry voice.

BOB WHIRLED. "You Red! But you knocked your head on the side of the cabin. I thought you were unconscious!"

"I was out for a second," admitted Red Skye. "But I came to right away. And when I did, I decided to play possum, to see what you would do, once you were on your own."

"But—you didn't know what would happen," stammered the boy. "For all you knew I'd turn tail and run, or freeze the stick and kill us both. Why did you take the chance?"

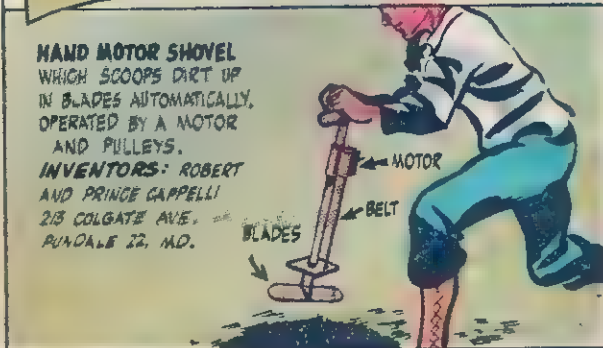
"I had a hunch... and it panned out!" said Red. "And I have a second hunch! Your dad's going to be mighty pleased when he hears what happened today!"

YOUR INVENTION PAGE!

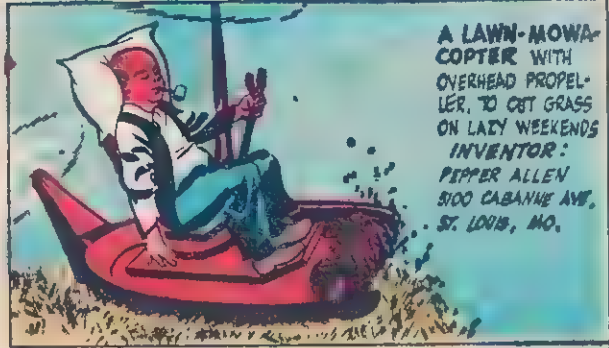
Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



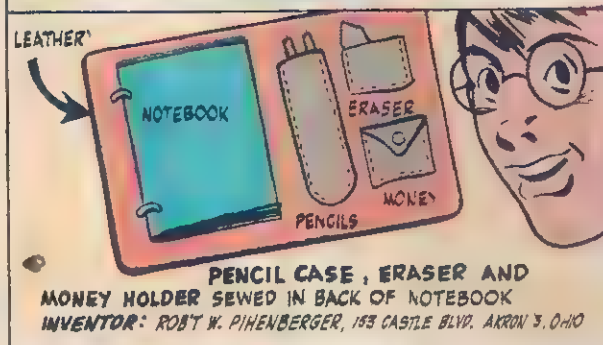
LEAD BUS WHICH MAY BE HITCHED UP TO TRAILER BUSES DURING RUSH HOURS TO TRANSPORT MORE PEOPLE.
INVENTOR:
BOBBY KAEHLIN
SOUTHOLD, L.I.



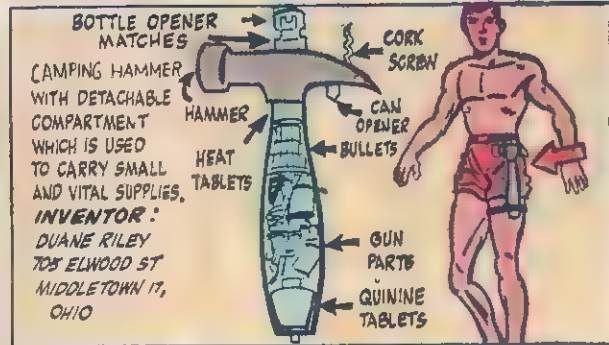
HAND MOTOR SHOVEL WHICH SCOOPS DIRT UP IN BLADES AUTOMATICALLY, OPERATED BY A MOTOR AND PULLEYS.
INVENTORS: ROBERT AND PRINCE CAPPELLI
213 COLGATE AVE.
PUNDALE 22, MD.



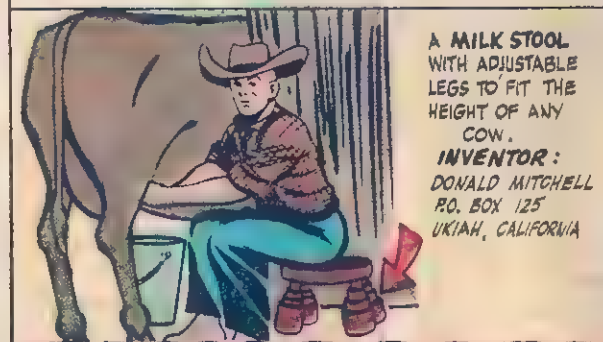
A LAWN-MOWA-COPTER WITH OVERHEAD PROPELLER, TO CUT GRASS ON LAZY WEEKENDS
INVENTOR:
PEPPER ALLEN
5100 CABANNE AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



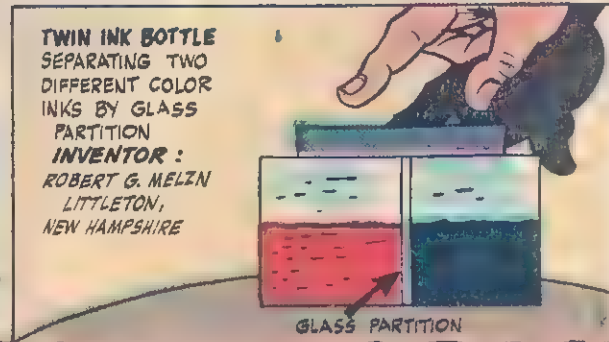
PENCIL CASE, ERASER AND MONEY HOLDER SEWED IN BACK OF NOTEBOOK
INVENTOR: ROBT W. PIHNERBERGER, 153 CASTLE BLVD. AKRON 3, OHIO



BOTTLE OPENER MATCHES
CAMPING HAMMER WITH DETACHABLE COMPARTMENT WHICH IS USED TO CARRY SMALL AND VITAL SUPPLIES.
INVENTOR:
DUANE RILEY
708 ELWOOD ST
MIDDLETOWN 17, OHIO



A MILK STOOL WITH ADJUSTABLE LEGS TO FIT THE HEIGHT OF ANY COW.
INVENTOR:
DONALD MITCHELL
P.O. BOX 125
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA



TWIN INK BOTTLE SEPARATING TWO DIFFERENT COLOR INKS BY GLASS PARTITION
INVENTOR:
ROBERT G. MELZN
LITTLETON,
NEW HAMPSHIRE

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT. Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and watch for it to appear here.

**HEY
FELLOWS,**
*See what I've
got here!*

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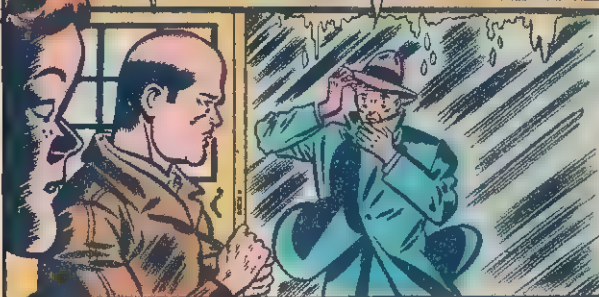
FLOOD WATERS

PART I

HELLO.
MR.
HAWKINS!

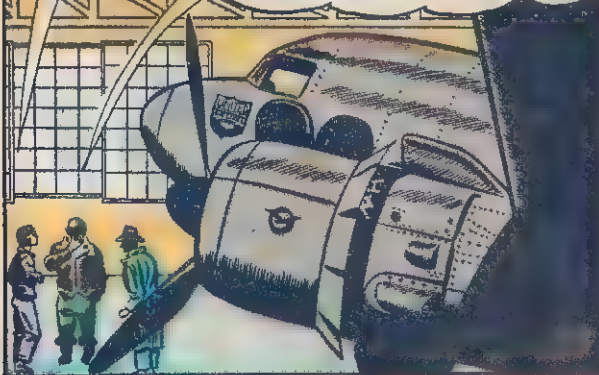
WHAT
BRINGS
YOU UP
HERE,
TOM?

WE NEED YOUR HELP, "BIFF". FOLKS
DOWN IN THE VALLEY ARE AFRAID
THE DAM IS GOING TO BURST!
IT'S TOO RISKY TO SEND MEN
OUT ON IT TO SEE.



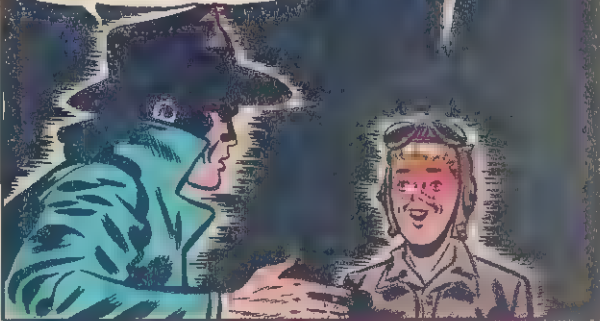
HOW ABOUT IT
"BIFF"? CAN
I GO?

IT'LL BE RISKY AS ALL GET-OUT
IN THIS KIND OF WEATHER, JOHNNY.
BUT IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT
TO GO, OKAY !!



BUT IF ONE OF YOU COULD
FLY OVER IT, AND REPORT
TO US BY RADIO, WE'D KNOW
RIGHT AWAY WHAT OUR
CHANCES WERE.

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!
GEE, I'D LIKE TO
VOLUNTEER.



GREAT! I'LL GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY! AND,
"BIFF," I'LL USE THE PIPER SEA SCOUT.
IT'LL BE PERFECT FOR THIS JOB!



THEY HURRY DOWN TO THE LAKE, WHERE THE LIGHT SEA
SCOUT IS KEPT. SOON....

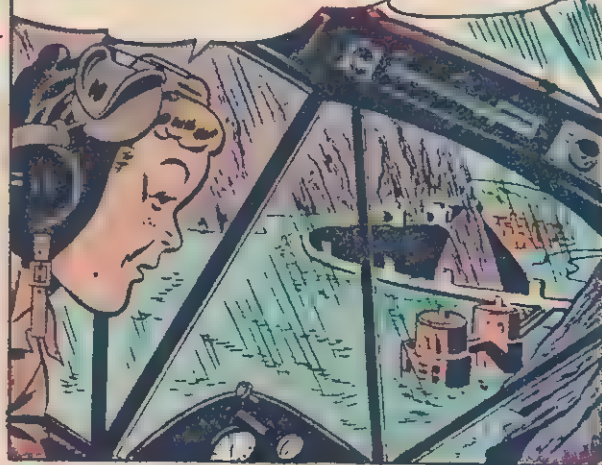
THERE HE GOES! GOOD LUCK, KID!



YES! THOSE ARE CRACKS!
AND THE WATER'S STARTING TO GO THROUGH!
I'D BETTER WARN THE VILLAGE!



THERE'S THE DAM IN THE DISTANCE! ARE
THOSE CRACKS ON ITS TOP? I'LL BE ABLE
TO SEE IN A SECOND....



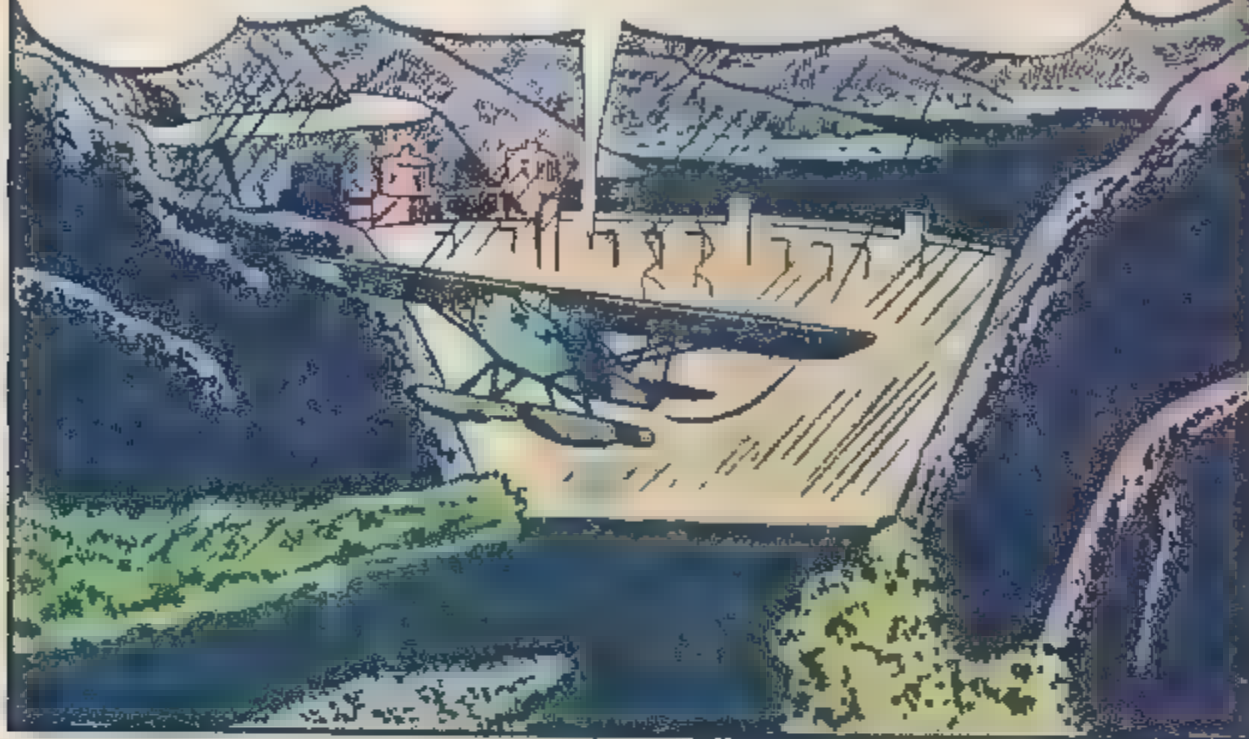
HELLO! HELLO! TOM HAWKINS! CAN
YOU HEAR ME? TOM, THE DAM'S BREAKING
UP! WARN THEM TO CLEAR THE VILLAGE!! IT WON'T
HOLD MUCH LONGER!



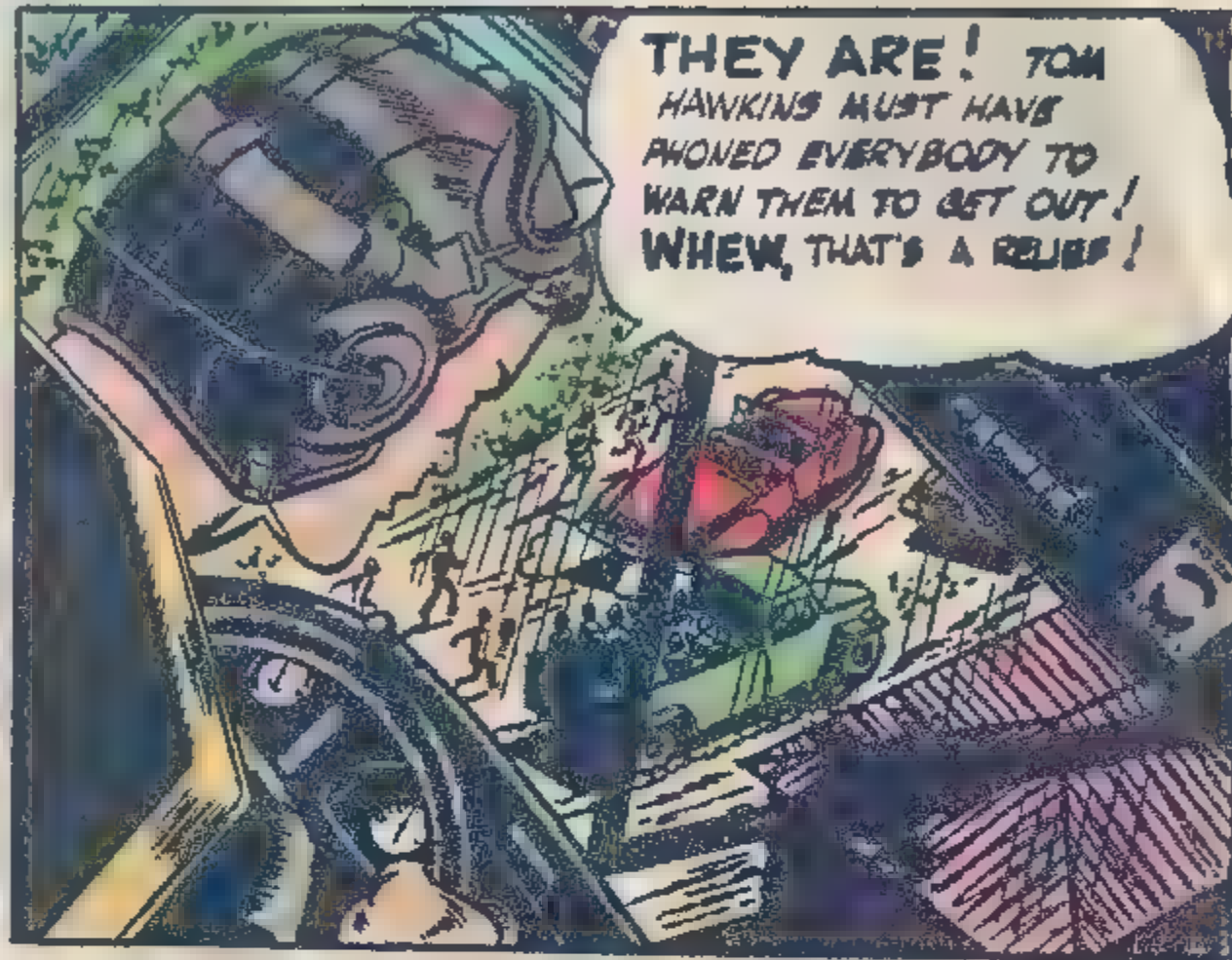
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AGAIN JOHNNY DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE. THEN ...

GOSH, I HOPE THEY GOT MY WARNING: I'D BETTER FLY DOWN AND SEE IF THEY'RE CLEARING OUT!



THEY ARE! TOM HAWKINS MUST HAVE PHONED EVERYBODY TO WARN THEM TO GET OUT! WHEW, THAT'S A RELIEF!



BUT, AS JOHNNY CONTINUES TO FLY DOWN THE VALLEY ...

GOSH, LOOK DOWN THERE! THAT WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN PROBABLY DIDN'T GET THE WARNING. THEY'LL BE TRAPPED WHEN THE DAM RELEASES THE FLOOD!!



I'VE GOT TO RESCUE THEM! BUT HOW? I WONDER -- MAYBE I CAN LAND IN THE RIVER AND PICK THEM UP BEFORE THE DAM BREAKS!!



IT'S WORTH A TRY, SO HERE GOES! GOOD THING THE FLOATS ON THE SEA SCOUT ARE INTERNALLY BRACED, 'CAUSE THIS IS GOING TO BE A ROUGH LANDING!!



CAN JOHNNY BEAT THE CRUMBLING DAM TO THE PUNCH? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT THRILLING CHAPTER OF **JOHNNY BLAIR** ... IN NEXT MONTH'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

"YOUR DEADLIEST
INVENTION AGAINST MY
DEADLIEST INVENTION"
---THAT WAS THE
CHALLENGE THE SINISTER
AND CRAFTY
EMIL FLUNG AT
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AS
THE WORLD'S TOP
TROUBLE-SHOOTER
FACED THE WORLD'S
MOST EVIL INVENTOR
IN A TITANIC

**"INVENTION
DUEL
TO THE
DEATH!"**

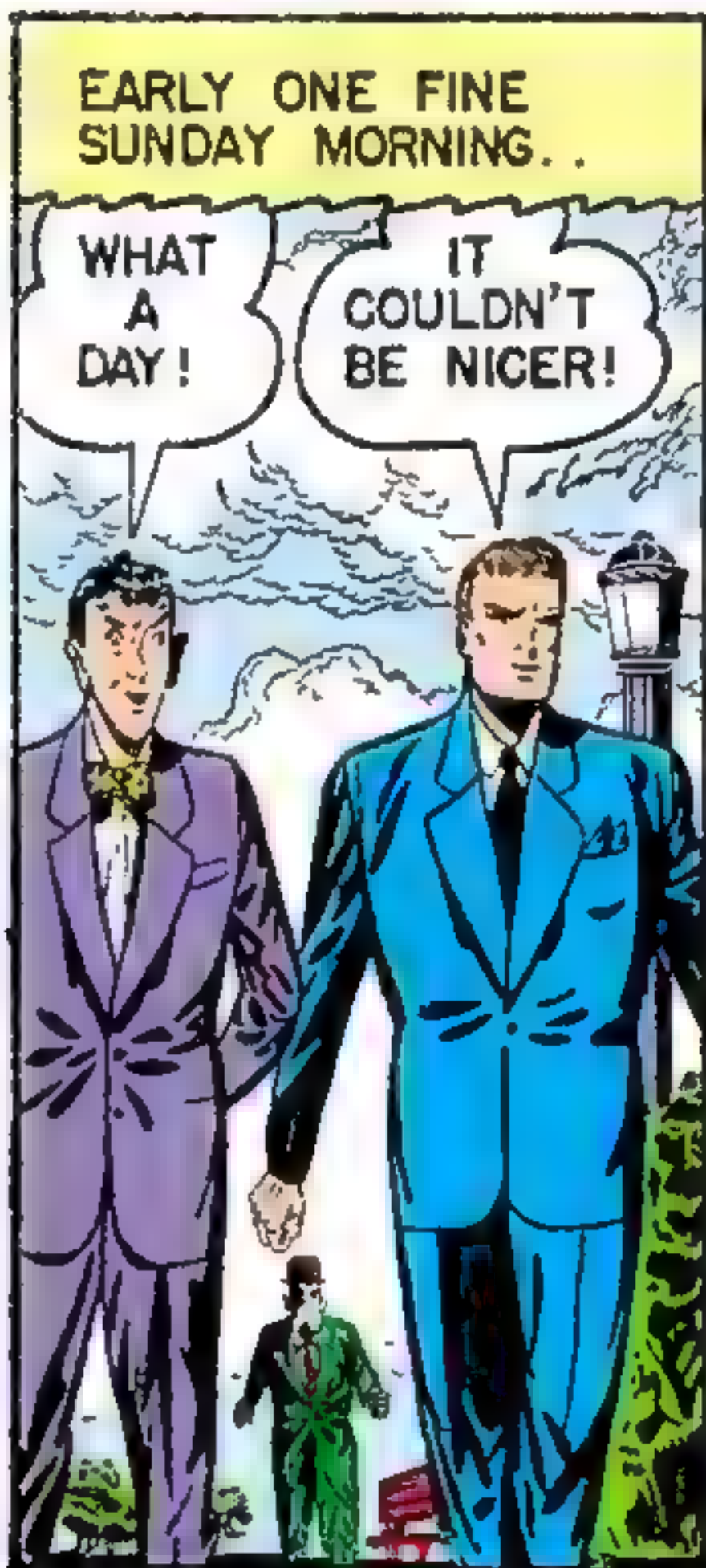
ACT
II

EARLY ONE FINE
SUNDAY MORNING..

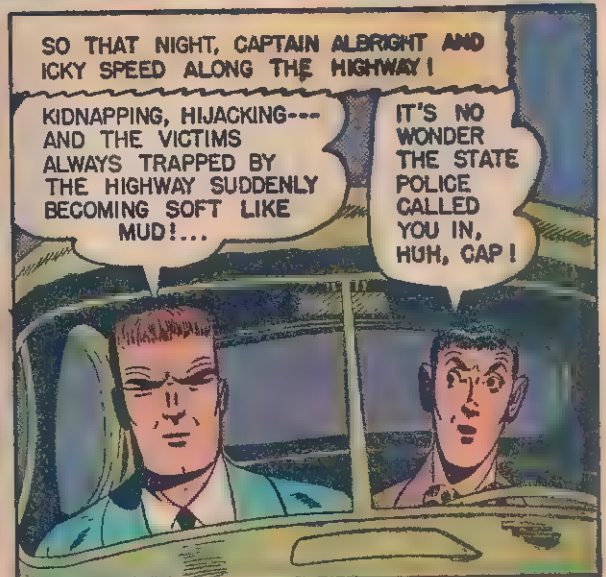
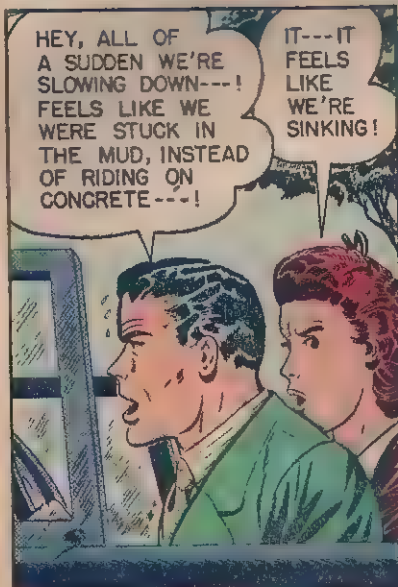
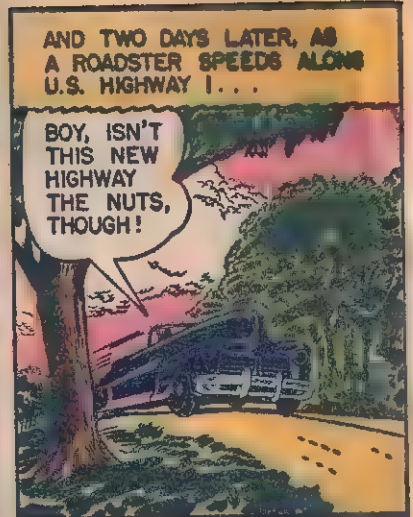
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, THE
SO-CALLED INVENTOR!

BY "SO-CALLED", YOUNG
MAN, I MEAN THAT
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS

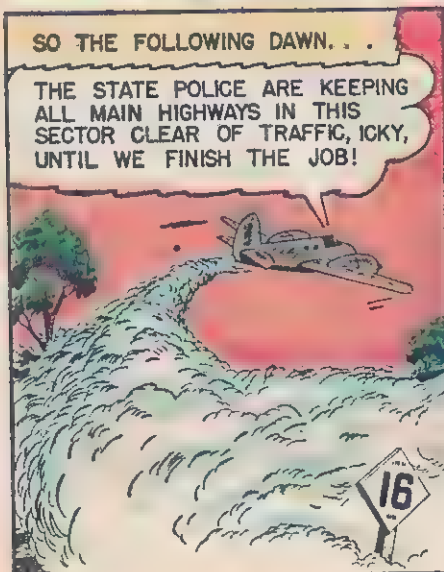
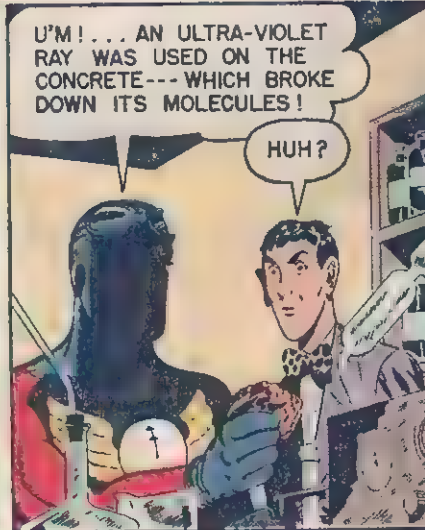
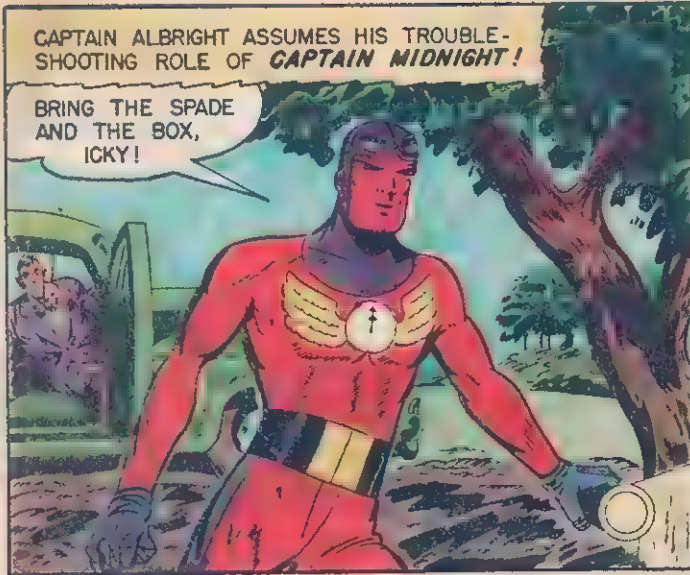
GO AHEAD,
LAUGH, FOOL!
FOR SOON YOU

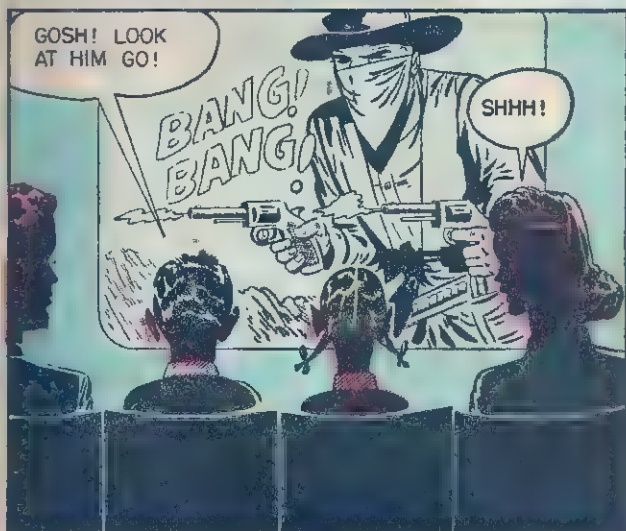
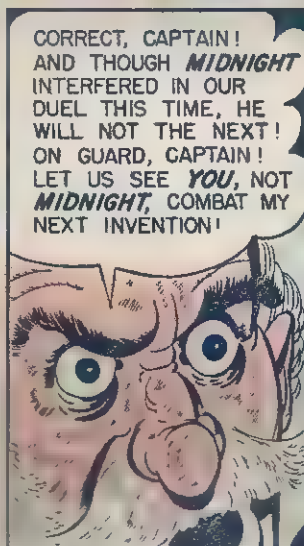
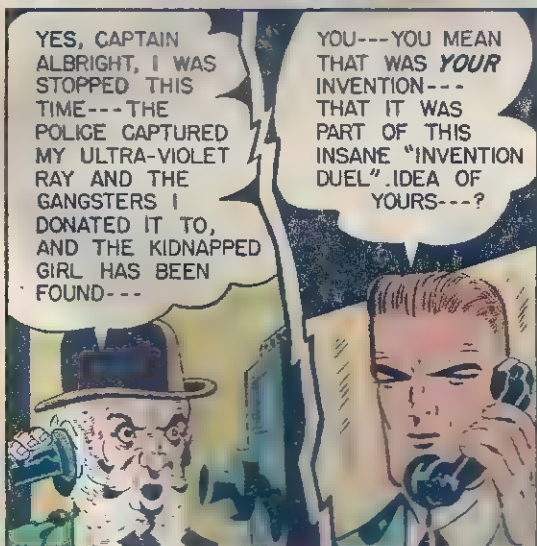
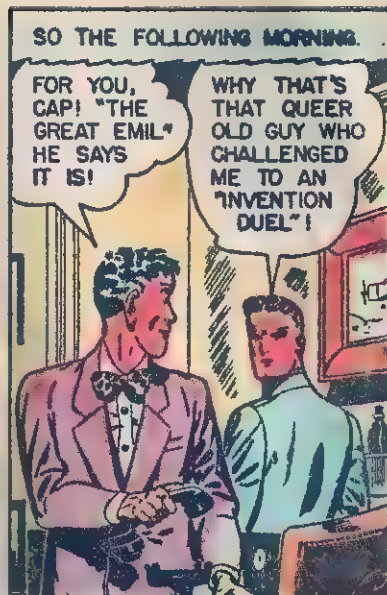


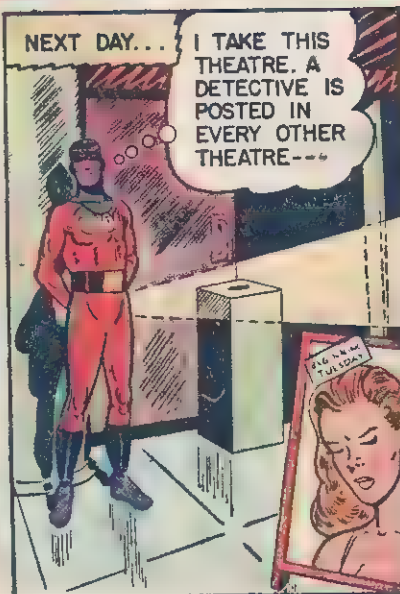
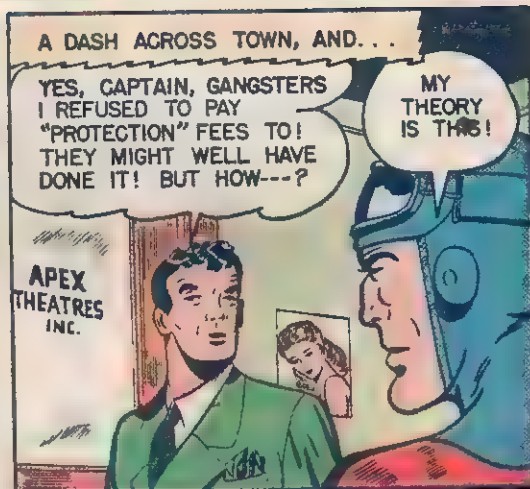
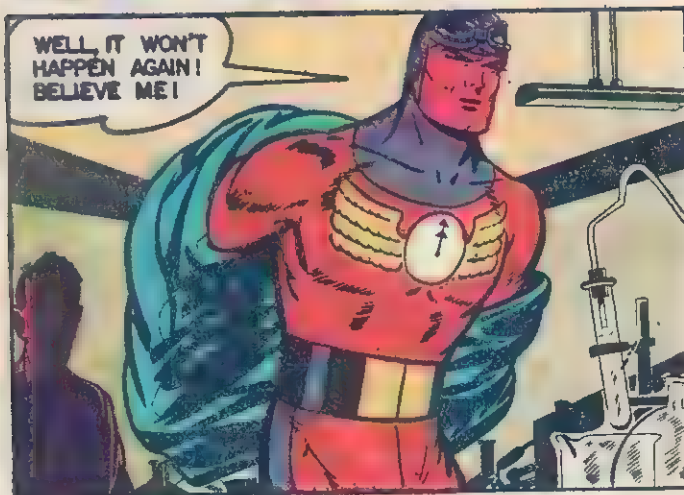
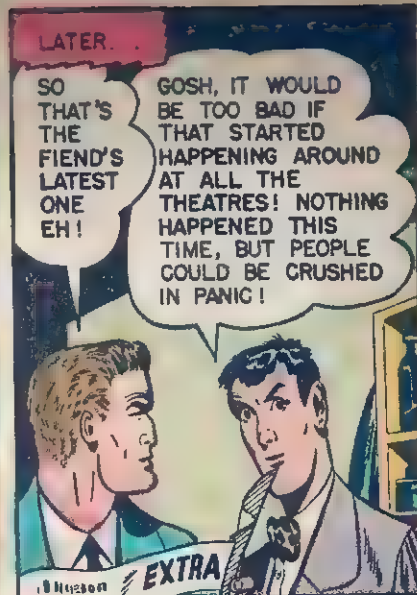
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



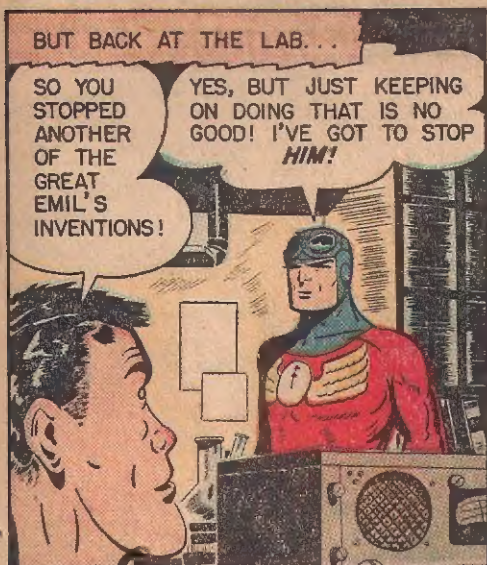
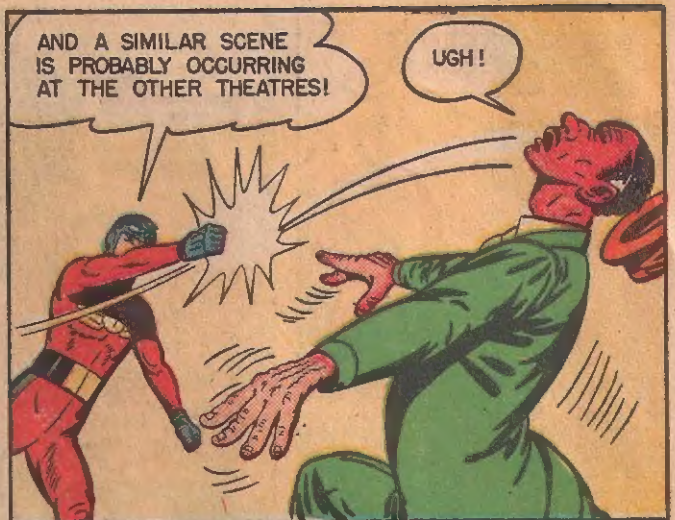
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT







CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



THEN DIE, FOOL! THIS FLASHLIGHT IS ALSO A DEATH RAY!



IT DIDN'T---FINISH HIM---!



NO, BUT IT DOES FINISH YOU!

UGH! TWO OF YOU!



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MY INVENTION WAS A PURE PHONY, CHIEF! I SIMPLY STOOD SPOT-LIGHTED IN THE WING WHERE MY IMAGE WOULD BE CAST ON A MIRROR I SET UP ON THE STAGE--- SO HE DEATH-RAYED NOT ME BUT MY REFLECTION!

PHONY IS RIGHT! YOU AND THAT ALBRIGHT BOTH! BAH!

COME ALONG, EMIL THE GREAT!



I RECALL AN "EMIL MORSE" BEING EXPELLED FROM THE INVENTORS' SOCIETY YEARS AGO FOR STEALING IDEAS FROM OTHER MEMBERS! I WONDER IF ---

YES, CAPTAIN, THIS WAS THAT MAN! I GUESS HE BECAME OBSESSED WITH HATRED FOR OTHER INVENTORS, AND THIS WAS THE STRANGE FORM HIS REVENGE TOOK!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S AIR QUIZ

- 1- DURING AN AIRMEET, A NON-PARTICIPANT CANNOT MAKE A LANDING AT THE AIRFIELD WHERE THE MEET IS BEING HELD WHEN:
 - A- A LARGE WHITE "X" IS DISPLAYED NEAR THE ANNOUNCER'S STAND.
 - B- A RED FLAG IS DISPLAYED NEAR THE ANNOUNCER'S STAND.
 - C- NO FLAG IS DISPLAYED NEAR THE ANNOUNCER'S STAND.
- 2- NO CIVIL AIRCRAFT SHALL MAKE A NIGHT FLIGHT OUTSIDE A CONTROL ZONE BELOW 1000 FT. UNLESS THE VISIBILITY IS:
 - A- 1 MILE
 - B- 2 MILES
 - C- 5 MILES
- 3- THE MINIMUM CEILING FOR CONTACT FLIGHT IN A CONTROL ZONE DURING DAYLIGHT

HOURS IS:
 A- 600 FT.
 B- 500 FT.
 C- 1,000 FT.

- 4- NO CONTACT FLIGHT OF CIVIL AIRCRAFT SHALL BE MADE OUTSIDE A CONTROL ZONE ABOVE 1,000 FT UNLESS THE VISIBILITY IS:
 - A- 5 MILES
 - B- 2 MILES
 - C- 3 MILES

- 5- ACROBATIC FLIGHT IS PROHIBITED AT ANY PLACE UNLESS THE VISIBILITY IS:
 - A- 3 MILES
 - B- 5 MILES
 - C- 10 MILES

ANSWERS: 1-A 2-B 3-C 4-C 5-A

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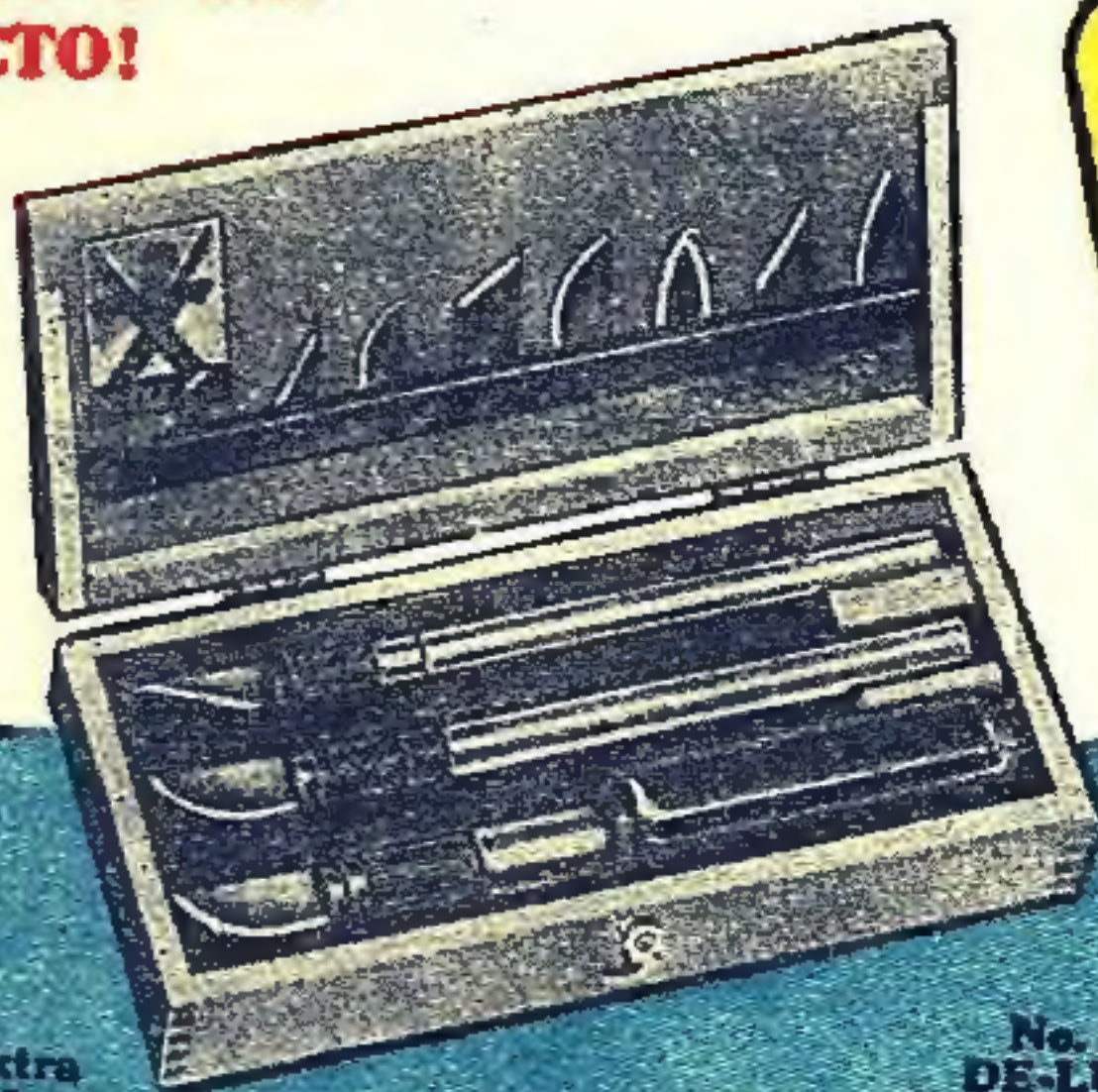


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